Soldan's Palace.
Gyant Desborough.
Meek Knight. Lamberto.

DON

JUAN LAMBERTO:

Or, A Comical

HISTORY

OF

Our Late Times.

Wherein the subtil Contrivances, Arch Rogueries, and Villainous Treasons of the late notorious Rebels, under several feigned Names are jovially discovered, and to the very life displayed.

In Two Parts.

By MONTELION Knight of the Oracle, &c.

[Thomas Flatman]

The Third Edition Corrected.

LONDON,
Printed for *Henry Marsh* at the *Princes Armes* in *Chancery-Lane*, near *Fleetstreet*, 1665.

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READER;

EPistles like Prologues of Playes are many times skipt over, seldome read: and to say the truth, I know not that they are of any great use: and therefore that I may not sin against your patience, and my own opinion, I shall say no more for what is here writ, but onely thus much, that the Ladys may read here what they never read in their lives; for whereas all other Knights fought for their sakes, our Knights fought for Nobody's sakes but their own, as you shall finde by the sequel. And so farewell.

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CHAP. I.

How *Cromwel* Soldan of *Britain* dyed, and what befel his Son the *Meek Knight*.

NOw had Cromwel the dread Soldan of Britain, through the importunity of death, with much unwillingness left this World, and his Son Ricardus, surnamed for his great valour the Meek Knight, reigned in his stead: When loe fortune having now a mind to eat sauce with her meat, resolves to gather this great Mushrome, and lay him in pickle. There were at that time in England many good Knights, who had been greatly despised, and evilly intreated by the Soldan in his life time, who sought all advantages to reck their most implacable malice on his Son the Meek Knight, who was placed on the Throne in the room of his Father: The chief of these was Sir Lambert, the Knight of the Golden Tulep; One of an eager and revengeful spirit; and beside that very ambitious, so that he not onely sought to be revenged on the Meek Knight for the injuries he had received from his Father, but to make himself chief Soldan also; however he was very slie and close,

and would by no means discover himself until that by his fair carriage he had won to his love many of the chief Soldans Knights, who had him in great honour and estæm, for that they took him to be a right cunning and valorous Champion.

CHAP. II.

Of the Birth of Sir *Vane*, Knight of the most mystical Allegories.

WHen nature by true consanguinity had created him in his Mothers Womb, she dreamed to be conceived of a Firebrand, that should set on fire her Mansion House, which dream she long concealed and kept secret, until her painful burden was grown so heavy that she was scarce able to endure it: so finding at length an opportunity to reveal it to her husband, she revealed her dream in this manner, 'My most honourable Lord, you know 'that I am your true and lawful Wife; yet never was in hope 'of Childe till now, or that by me your name should survive; 'Therefore I conjure you by the pleasures of your youth, and the 'dear and natural love you bear unto the Infant conceived in my 'Womb, that either by art, wisdome, or some other inspiration 'you calculate upon my troublesome dreams, and tell me what 'they are; For night by night no sooner doth sweet sleep seize 'upon my sences, but I dream that I am conceived of a dreadful 'fire-brand, the which shall set on fire our Mansion House: To which her husband answered in this manner, 'My most dear and 'beloved Lady, what art or learning can perform with all convenient speed shall be accomplished; for never shall rest take 'possession of my heart, nor sleep close up the closets of my eyes, 'till I understand the signification of this troublesome matter.

Thereupon he travelled through many Desarts and Wilderneses, hoping to meet with the Hermitage of some Inchantress, but he could find none: For then Virgil the Necromancer dwelt not in the Strand, neither were there any Sorcerers in Southwark: Whereupon seeing no other means to attain his desired end, he went and bought him a Fortune-Book and a Bale of Dice, and carried them home to his beloved Lady, who with great earnestness expected his return for two reasons, first out

of

of curiosity, and then because that supper was like to be spoiled. Being return'd home, and having refresh'd his weary body with corporal Food; as he was sitting at the Table, after the cloth was taken away, he called for the said Fortune Book, and caused his Wife to throw three Dice, under the Philosopher Pythagoras, who directed them to this following saying of Haly the Conjurer, which gave them full satisfaction of the nature of the Infant. The Verses were these.

This Son is thine with Heav'ns good leave,
His Tongue all people shall deceive;
Folk shall thee curse for thy nights work,
When thou him got'st, nor Christian, nor Turk.
Throw Dice no more on any Day,
For it is truth what ere I say.

CHAP. III.

How the Knight of the mysterious Allegories grew up, and how he put strife between his Mother and her Maids, and caused his Father and Mother to go together by the ears.

While both the Father and the Mother were scanning what the meaning should be of this same Oracle; The Childe himself gave still an exposition more and more clear as he grew in years: 'Tis true that when he was a Childe, he acted but the Childes part, and exercised his Talents on more mean subjects, though he were not unmindful of his Work in what ever Sphear he mov'd: He began with his Mothers Maids, between whom and his Mother he made perpetual discords and dissentions, by accusing either the Maid to the Mistress, or the Mistress to the Maid; nor could he endure to see his Father and Mother in peace, using the same policies to set them also at variance, which he did with so much dexterity, that one might perceive how he made it his study: What ever he knew his Father dislik'd in his Mother, that he made her continually acting: and what his Mother approv'd not of in his Father, of that he rendred his Father always most guilty.

CHAP. IV.

How his Father sent him to School, and how he there set the Boyes against their Master, and bred differences between the Master and his Wife.

BUT when these tricks of the young stripling were reveal'd to his Father, he bethought himself of ridding this little vermin out of his house: Wherefore he caused great search to be made after a worthy Pedagogue; and at length one was found and brought unto him: To whom the Father of the stripling thus said, 'Sir Pedagogue, I have here a Son whom I 'would have thee to instruct, and bring up with great care; there-'fore if thou wilt take him, and keep him seven years, and give 'him such instruction as thou art able, I will after that great-'ly advance thee and thy generation. Sir Pedagogue made the Father of the youth a great bow, and a most obsequious leg, and said unto him, Sir Knight, I will perform all thy commands. Thereupon he took the stripling home, and endoctrinated him with very exceeding pains. But long had not the young Lad bin there, but according to his usual course, he sowed such seeds of dissention among the Boyes, that instead of their former obedience and respect, they exercised now nothing but rebellion and disobedience: It was enough for the Master who before could frown every Scholar behind into a looseness, now to beseech them to lay down their Brick-bats. His Wife too, who had before so long been loving to him, now scolds at him like a Butter-whore, and he hates her that so lately was so dear to him. Fathers complain, the Master fumes, the Mistress rants, the Husband vexes; in a word, all things are so much out of order, that Sir Pedagogue preferring his present peace before his future advancement, resolves to carry back this primum mobile of mischief, for such he soon discovered him to be, to his own Parent, not being able himself longer to endure the trouble of his vexatious contrivances: When the ancient Sire beheld his Son so soon return'd unto him, he said unto the Pedagogue, What, are the seven years expir'd already? Then said the Pedagogue, I well know Sir Knight, that the seven years are not yet expired;

but

but so great do I find the capacity of your Son, that should I keep him as my own gymnasyolum, I should both wrong you, and injure the Youth: Therefore have I restor'd him to you again, that you may provide for him according to his wonderful and most forward genius. The crafty Fox his Father too well knew the disposition of his young Cub, therefore said he unto the Pedagogue, O no, 'This is not the cause of my Sons so 'soon return, I fear something worse, and therefore I conjure 'thee to tell me the truth: Was he not wont to set thee and 'thy Boys together by the ears? Did he not cause much strife 'and contention betwæn thee and thy Wife, so that neither thou, 'nor they, nor she, could rest in quiet for him: To which the Pedagogue made answer, that since he must confess the truth, 'twas even as he had said, and no other wise. At which words of the Pedagogue, the old man shook his head as if he would have shaken his teeth out of his mouth, for he was very sorrowful to hear of the evil courses which his young Son proceeded in.

CHAP. V.

How Sir *Vane* sent his Son to the King's School, and of the tumults which he raised there by his Sorceries; how he plotted with the other Boys to break the Preceptor's neck, and of his Allegory.

SIR Vane having had so ill success with his Son in one place, resolves to send him to another, where he might be more severely lookt after: He had not thought long, but he thought of the Kings School: Now it so came to pass, that at that time there lived there a Gyant, who was a very cruel and imperious Dominator over the buttocks of youth, one that spared none, but very grievously and sorely lashed all alike: he was high Sir Obeston, whose School was like Kalybs Rock, where you heard nothing all day long, but the screeks and ruful groans of children and boyes elaborately corrected. Hither the little Fox came, his Father intending that he should be in this place terrified out of all his designs: But what mortal is able to stop the course of the splendiferous Sun, who can quell the raging Boreas, or change the wilde nature of the roaring Lion? Even

so impossible was it to drive back the ill nature of this Youth, though it were with Pitch-forks: wherefore he went on in his old trade, putting in practise his wonted spells and magical words: the effects whereof did presently appear, for in a little while the Schollars were all in an uproar, some would only study on holy dayes, and play upon working dayes, others would begin at the end of their Books, and read toward the beginning; saying it was the best way, and that the Preceptor was a Dunce. Then because that one of the Preceptors knowing the dangerous consequence of these innovations, strove to oppose them, young Sir Vane contrives with them how to break his neck, and so ordered the matter that they should follow the Preceptor to the top of the stairs, and throw him down headlong. But the plot being discovered, he was called to a very strict account. Sirrah quoth the Gyant of the Kings School, what fury hath possessed thy over-whelmed mind, proud princock thus to adventure thy feeble contrivances against the violence of my strong arm: The Youth though confounded with the threatning words of the Gyant, durst not deny what he knew was so well known; and therefore he sought to put it off with an Allegory, for he was full sore afraid of the Gyant, who had then in his hand a great Tree, which he mannaged with as much dexterity, as if it had been a Ferula; Sir Gyant, quoth he, I do deny that ere I advised any person to break the Preceptors neck. How quoth the Gyant, can you deny what is already proved to your face? Then answer'd the young Sorcerer, I am not rightly understood; for I perswaded them not to break the substantial neck of the Preceptor, but the invisible neck of his pride. Then quoth the Gyant, Oh Varlet! hast thou such fine excuses so early for thy mischief? but they shall stand thee in little stead. Then the Gyant caused his breeches to be taken down, and his shirt to be taken up, and with his Tres so nimbly bestirred himself, and laid such vehement blows upon his flesh, that they seemed to shake the Earth. There quoth the Gyant, take the deserved reward of thy treasons, and be gone from hence thou wicked and destructive vermine, for I will no more endure thee, since I have now broken thy charms wherewith thou didst intend to have enchanted my Castle.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

How he was sent into *Nova Anglia*, and how he prevailed there also by his Sorceries, how he was thrust out again by the people of that place, and what the Seer *Cotton* said to him at his departure.

After that the Gyant of the Kings School had thus expelled him, he betook himself to the Court, but because he could be pleas'd with nothing, he also took very great distaste at the government of the King, who then reigned in Britain. Wherefore he began to give his inchanted Cup about, and many drank thereof and were poysoned, so that there appeared great signs of future contentions and confusions among those of the Court, who were the Kings subjects, by reason of his coming thither; which when his father saw, he greatly feared the inconveniencies which might arise from the sorceries of his Son; wherefore he contrived how he might send him out of the Land. Therefore he devised with the King that he might be sent away unto Nova Anglia, as Governour of that place; Now so it was that at that time the people of that Countrey, as most people that are but newly seized in their possessions, lived in great peace and quiet, and served the God of their Country with exceeding unity, but no sooner was Sir Vane come thither, but he caused a wonderful alteration of affaires among the People. He had delivered into his hands all the chief Castles of the Countrey, so that he commanded with a very great controul; Then said Sir Vane unto the people of the Land, is it fit that yee should maintain a company of idle persons here only for talking unto you in your Temples once a week; are not yee your selves able to do as much, yea and more if you would set your selves thereunto, why should you then part with such a considerable share of the sweat of your browes, and that upon so trivial a score: When the people examin'd these things, they seemed very plausible at first, whereupon some of them deny'd to pay the Priest his due, others drew away the people from their Priests, and instructed them in the Fields, and their private Houses, having the Temples in great contempt and derision, which when the Priests

per-

perceived, they were greatly displeased, and cursed the people, then the people cursed them, so that in a short while their private animosities brake forth into publick rage one against the other. When the Elders of the Land saw the confusion which was likely to happen, they resolved to remove the cause of their mischief; therefore they went to Sir Vane, and sharply rebuking him, bid him prepare to be gone out of their Countrey, for that they had provided a ship, & a Coach to carry him to the Sea. Sir Vane who was an errant Coward, durst not deny them, so they plac'd him in a Cart, causing him to sit down on an old Trunk on that part which is over the horse; after this, said the Elders unto the people, this is he that hath caused all this mischief among us; Then the people followed him, hooping and hollowing, not ceasing to throw dirt and stones at him till he was got into the Ship; The Seer Cotton seeing him departed, said unto the people, let us now return with joy that this Viper hath left us, for he is the bane of Nations, nor can any greater unhappiness befall a Land than for him to set his foot there. When with tears in his eyes, he cryed out Oh England, England, better is it that that Ship should perish with the Master, and all the Mariners, then that that young Man whom thou didst breed, should return unto thee again.

CHAP. VII.

How Sir *Vane* was honoured by the Priest of the Temple of *Blind Zeal*, and how he was by the said Priest anointed Knight of the order of the most *Mysterious Allegories*.

After this it came to passe that when the Priest of the Temple of Blind Zeal heard of the great fame of Sir Vane, and of the opinions which he held, he thought the time long till he could come to inter-parley with him. For said he to himself, our Religion is built upon the bases of anarchy and confusion, to the establishing of which all the imaginations of this Mans brains do tend: Wherefore the Priest sent unto him two fellows that were shabby, whose Shoes were tyed with packthread, and in whose eyes Cuffs were as the abominations of the Heathen, who calling for the Man of the House, presented him with this Epistle.

The

The Priest *of the* Order *of* Blinde Zeal, *to the most mischievous of men Sir* Vane, *high in his imaginations, low in his deserts, and most imperious in his Councel.*

My Son,

HAving lately heard of thy great vertues so agreeable with the Heresies which I profess, according to the dictates of that powerful Goddesse whose chief Priest I am, I could not choose but send unto thee these two slovenly fellows, partly to confirme thee, and partly to scrape acquaintance with thee. I do find that thou dost imitate *Mahomet* very well, and dost endeavour to root up one Religion by letting in another to overpower it. Stay yet but a little while, and I will be with thee and help thee with my exhortations, in the mean time be kind unto those two whom I have sent unto thee, for the one is a Tinker, the other a Currier, but both great Deceivers. Farewel.

When Sir Vane had read this Epistle, he was then also covetous of the acquaintance of the High Priest, and immediately sent for him; when he was come, they discoursed together, and when they had so done, they were filled with joy at the sight of each other: For he talked unto the High Priest in most high and misterious Allegories, saying unto him that Magistracy was the Throne and Seat of the Beast. 'That the Rulers of the 'Earth must be brought at last to serve him and his faction; 'That his people are not to be subject to the Judicials of Moses; 'That the new Creature is faith, which translates a Man out of 'the natural into the spiritual body, and is called his new Crea'ture state; That all Ministers that have the Father and the 'Son, need not run to the Magistrate for Maintenance. That 'all Ministers that uphold Steeple Houses, were the relicts of 'Popery; That the fall of Adam was onely a type of the in'stability of fortune. That the Devil is the universal worldly 'spirit, exercising dominion and rule under various forms and 'administrations of government. That Learning and Uni'versities are of dangerous consequences in a well order'd Go'vernment.

When the High Priest heard him speak these things he marvelled very much, and greatly praised him, for that quoth he, if these things were well taught, and well believ'd, they would doubtlesse destroy the religion of the Christians, who are our most mortal enemies. Then did the High Priest bow unto Sir Vane saying to him. Thou art in power, and as thou endeavourest to do our work, so is it fit that thou shouldst receive honour from us. 'Tis true quoth he, thou art a Knight after the order of the Christians, but throw it off, for it will be very injurious unto thee; and take from me a title which shall be more beneficial, and comfort thy self in this that then thou shalt be a better Knight then any in the World. Then did the High Priest ask'd him whether he could fight or no. To which Sir Vane, reply'd that he never could nor never would fight. The High Priest was right glad of this for that he could now performe the office himself by anointing, whereas otherwise he must have been forc'd to have sent for a Warriour on purpose to have dub'd him. Thus the High Priest took leave for the time, telling him that in three days he would return; desiring him in that space to prepare himself for the honour he was to receive. He was to eat nothing but emblematical dyet, as round cabbages which seem to resemble the Earth, and it's destruction by fire, in that they are to be boyl'd before they can be eaten. He was likewise to feed upon Swines flesh, because a Hog was the emblem of ingratitude: he might likewise feed upon Horse flesh, because the Bible spake much of them, and that eating them out of the way was the onely means to keep Men from not putting their trust in them; He might drink bottled Claret by reason of it's emblematical life and quickness, and he might likewise take Tobacco if his Pipe had this Motto on it, Evanescit ut fumus; but he was forbid to drink Greek Wine, because that the Christians us'd it at their Communions.

In the mean while the High Priest, being loath to defile so great a solemnity with any oyle that had been unhallow'd by the touch of the Christians, sent two of his Disciples to cut off a great piece of a certain Whale, which was kil'd a little before in the River of Thamesis, which accident they attributed to the provision of the Goddess Blind Zeal, thereof to make a sacred

oyle

oyle of their own, and which they pray'd the Goddess Blind Zeal to allow of for their purpose; This done, after the end of three dayes the High Priest return'd to Sir Vane, whom he first question'd concerning the performance of what he had commanded, who whether he had done it or no, so well dissembled his past obedience that the High Priest oft times gave credit unto his saying; Then the High Priest proceeding, it is now Sir Vane, quoth he, that I must cause thee to kneel, that others after this may be bound to kneel to thee; To which when Sir Vane had yielded, he poured the Trane Oyle upon his Locks, bidding him then to rise up Sir Vane, Knight of the Order of the most mysterious Allegories. Then giving him some few instructions, as that he should be zealous in carrying on the great work of building up Babell, which the God of the Christians had for so long time hindred from being finish'd, and that he should seek nothing but the advancement of confusion and Atheisme, most solemnly he took his leave of Sir Vane, and retired into his Temple, which was situate in that part of the Metropolis of Britain, call'd Colemanstreet.

CHAP. VIII.

How Sir *Lambert* Knight of the Golden Tulep, and Sir *Vane* Knight of the most mysterious Allegories, made a League together.

THE honour done to Sir Vane being greatly noised abroad, and his dexterity in mischiefe being very well known, Sir Lambert thinking him a fit instrument for the effecting his design, came to him and exceedingly desired his assistance. Then said Sir Vane unto the Knight of the Golden Tulep, I am right glad to see so good a Knight at my Castle. Know then, Sir Lambert, that I have alwayes bare you a very great love, neither is there any Knight in Britain whom I honour like unto your self. I know right well that thou dost far exceed in feats of Armes, and that I am right craftier in councell: wherefore then should we suffer the Meek Knight to be chief Soldan over us, who is not at all like unto thee for Chivalry? Why do we not revenge on him the injuries done us by his Father? When

Sir Lambert heard this, he waxed greatly in wrath with the Meek Knight, and ſware by his ſturdy ſteed Snorter, that he would not ceaſe till he had pulled the Soldan out of his Palace by the ears, ſo that he might have the advice of the Knight of the moſt Myſterious Allegories. Then Sir Vane promiſed to aſſiſt Sir Lambert all that he might, on condition that he ſhould be the next in dignity to him when he was chief Soldan. Then Sir Lambert ſwore unto Sir Vane by all the ſouls of his Anceſtors, that ſo it ſhould be; And moreover, quoth Sir Lambert, in token of this friendſhip betwéen us, I freely give the Fair Maid of Wimbleton my Daughter, unto thy eldeſt Son, ſo well known by the name of the Over-grown Childe; and know right well Sir Vane that ſhe is a right comely Dame, and one for whom many a ſturdier Knight than he would be content to try the ſharpneſs of their blood thirſty lances. She ſhall have for her Dowry my Palace of Wimbleton, once the Dowry of a Quéen, and if my ſword fail me not, I may chance to make her chief Soldaneſs of Britain. When Sir Vane heard this, he looked full ſecundly upon Sir Lambert; Then they clipped and hugged one another, and ſware to be as true to one anothers intereſt, , as the Cripples of the Forreſt of Covent-Garden are to one another in concealing the Rogueries which they commmit.

CHAP. IX.

How the Knight of the *Golden Tulep*, and the Knight of the *Myſterious Allegories*, came to the Caſtle of Sir *Fleetwood* the contemptible Knight, where they met with the grim Gyant *Desborough*, and how they went allthree and pulled the *Meek Knight*, who was then chief Soldan, out of his place by night.

SIR Lambert ſéeing now fortune begin again to caſt her wonted ſmiles upon him, reſolved to make uſe of her while ſhe was in a good humour, wherefore he ſhewed great willingneſſe to Sir Vane to go on in his intended deſigne. Then ſaid Sir Vane, why ſhould our delay be any hindrance unto us. Let us incontinently goe unto Sir Fleetwood the contemptible Knight,

Knight, who hath great power over the Soldan's Forces, I know right well that I can with eaſe cauſe him to do whatever I liſt, for that his underſtanding is exceeding ſhallow, and we will make him to believe that he ſhall be chief Soldan, on condition that he will help us for to depoſe the Meek Knight. Sir Lambert was right glad of this advice, ſo they rode on toward the Forreſt of Saint Iames, neer unto which ſtood the Caſtle of the contemptible Knight. They were no ſooner come to the Gate, but they were conducted by gentle Stamford, (who was chief Squire to Sir Fleetwood) up unto his Maſters lodging. Then ſaid Sir Vane unto the Contemptible Knight, rouſe up thy ſelf thou Man of courage, and let us not be in bondage unto the Meek Knight, who is young and hath not underſtanding and wiſdome ſufficing for ſo great an employment. Haſt thou not bèen in all the Soldans Warres? Think then how treacherouſly the Soldan hath dealt with thèe, in preferring the Meek Knight his Son before thee. 'Tis true, then anſwered Sir Fleetwood, that it is the deſire of my heart to make my ſelf chief Soldan, but there are ſo many valorous Knights that will oppoſe me, that I fear much to undertake the enterpriſe. Then ſaid ſir Lambert, I know right well ſir Fleetwood, that without force we can little avail; but of that I make no queſtion, knowing the great honour and reverence which the Hoſt of the Soldan beareth to me. Moreover I have told many of them that which I intend, and they are reſolved with me to live and dye. Then ſaid ſir Fleetwood right cunningly, ſince that you ſir Lambert can prevail ſo much by your own power, let not me interpoſe my weak force to injure the fame of ſo worthy a Knight. But ſir Lambert who was as cunning as he, reply'd that he would not adventure without him, that as he was chief in power, he ſhould be chief in the undertaking. Alas ſir Fleetwood, quoth the Knight of the Golden Tulep, think you that I am arrived here to rob ſo hardy a Knight as you are of your prize; No ſir Fleetwood, for I only come at the requeſt of the good Knight ſir Vane to proffer my aſſiſtance, which if you ſhall not think fit to receive, I am ready to retire, for that there be other Forreſts and Caſtles to ſèek adventures in beſides thoſe which are in this Countrey. Sir Fleetwood was right glad of

what Sir Lambert said, so that according to his custome he wept for joy, not thinking that the Knight of the Golden Tulep had spoken treacherously. As they were thus parlying together, in came the grim Gyant Desborough, who lived in the Forrest of Saint Iames that was close by. With your leave Sir Knights quoth he, I am come here to visit my Brother the Contemptible Knight, and I hope that does not offend yée. If ye think your selves affronted, and that any of yée be so hardy as to dare fight in defence of the Meek Knight, I do here openly challenge him the combate, for that I do abominably hate the Meek Knight and all his adherents; Then answered Sir Lambert and Sir Vane, that they were as mortal enemies to the Soldan as he was, and therefore they desired the Gyant not to think amisse of them. Say you so, quoth the Gyant Desborough, then you say well, else had I crush'd yée to pieces in my fury, like rotten apples; then proceeding, quoth he, what shall we do with this proud Princock who hath raised himself to be a Soldan over us. Is it fit that the Unkle should be govern'd by the Nephew? Sir Vane willing all he could to incense the Gyant to anger; told him that it was an allegory of the worlds confusion, when Children rule their Parents. Upon that the Gyant Desborough stamped so hard upon the floore, that you might have heard it a mile off, and swore by all his Country Gods, that his Nephew the Meek Knight should no longer live, if he refused to resign his Soldanship; the words were no sooner out of his mouth, but he drawes out a whole Canon out of his pocket, charged with a brace of Bullets, each weighing twenty pound, and cocking the same, commanded the Contemptible Knight with the Knight of the Golden Tulep, to follow him. It was now night, and pale Cinthia had with-drawn her light from the World, unwilling to behold the treacherous actions of mortals; when they began their journey toward the Palace of the Soldan, they rode hard, and being soon arrived there, they went directly to the Soldans lodging, for that the Soldans Janisaries being before corrupted, gave them free accesse. Then said the Gyant to the Soldan, proud Peacock think'st thou to pearch over thy betters any longer? resign thy power, thy Scepter, and thy Royal Robes, and dissolve thy Council that thou kéepest to plot against

us.

us, or I will take thée such a blow on the pate, that I will make thy head ring nwn, and send thée to the infernal shades, there to make vain complaints to Pluto of thy misfortunes; with that the Gyant Desborough heaved up his weighty Instrument of death, on purpose to have given him such a blow as should have rent the foundations of his noddle. The Meek Knight was astonied at the sight, and stood for a while as one that were dumb, but séeing the danger that his brains were in, he fell on his knées before the Gyant Desborough, beséeching him in gentle courtesie to distressed Knights, that he would spare his life, and he would submit to whatever the Gyant should command: Hereupon they disrob'd him of his apparel, and attired him in simple and base array, his armes that were lately employ'd to weild the mighty Scepter, they now strongly fetter'd up in Iron bolts, and so conveyed him to a desolate Dungeon, which belonged unto his own Palace, where he had nothing to do, but to make these sad Lamentations.

O cruel destinies, why is this grievous punishment allotted to my penance; have I conspired against the Majesty of Heaven, that they have thrown this vengeance on my head, shall I never recover my former liberty, that I may be revenged one way or other upon the causers of my imprisonment; May the Plagues of Pharaoh light upon their Counties, and the miseries of Oedipus on their Tenants, that they may be eye-witnesses of their daughters ravishment, and behold their Mansion houses flameing like the burning battlements of Troy. Thus lamented he the losse of his liberty accursing his birth day, and the hour of his creation: his sighs excéeded the number of the Ocean sands, and his tears the Water-bubbles in a rainy day, in which condition we shall leave him, and go to talk of something else.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

How *Sir Vane's Son* icleped (the over-grown Childe) courted the fair Maid of *Wimbleton*, and of the gown which she bespoke, and how 5000. Iewellers wrought day and night to finish it.

LEave we now to speak of the Meek Knight, and return we to relate what happen'd betwéen the Son of Sir Vane, icleped the overgrown Childe, and the fair Maid of Wimbleton, whom partly in pursuance of his Fathers commands, partly out of an eager desire he had to be doing, he did very hotly pursue in the way of love, and so forth. Sir Vane was very glad of the match, hoping thereby, that after the death of the Knight of the Golden Tulep, his Son might come to be chief *Soldan*; And Sir Lambert lik'd it, knowing that well he could not come to be *Soldan* himself without his friendship and assistance; which he had no other way to make sure to himself, but by so near an alliance betwéen their Families. Therefore when the overgrown Childe had dressed himself as fine as any sippence, he called straightway for his Fathers Chariot, and bid the Charioter drive unto the Palace of Sir Lambert: When he came unto the Gate, the Porter oft-soones opened the Gate, that he might have entrance; Then was he straightway beheld by one of the Pages to the Fair *Maid*, who with great reverence met him and conducted him to the chamber where his Lady did repose her self: When the over-grown Childe came into the room, he was exceedingly amazed to behold the beauty of his Mistresse, so that he remained dumb for a great space. While he stood in this posture, his backside being ashamed that his mouth should be so silent, open'd it self, and with one single monosyllable did so alarum the company, that it is thought that the fair Maid of Wimbleton would have béen very angry, had he come onely as an ordinary Suitor. Some say the over-grown Childe did this unawares, but others more probably affirm, that he had a double end in it, either because he saw himself in such an amaze, to make his Mistrisse amaz'd at him as well as he was at her, or else hopeing that the good nature of his Lady might cause her to blush

for

for his miscarriage, whereby he might have an opportunity to see the full blown roses of her cheekes; but as soon as he was recover'd of his extasie, he began to bethink himself of saying something that might be acceptable unto the fair Lady, whom he so admired: Most divine and peerless Paragon, quoth he, Thou only wonder of the World for beauty, and excellent parts of nature, know that thy two twinkling eyes that shine more bright then the stars of Heaven, being the true darts of love, have pierced my heart, and those thy crimson cheeks as lovely as Aurora's countenance have wounded me with love. Therefore except thou grant me kind comfort, I am like to spend the rest of my dayes in sorrow, care, and discontent. To this the Fair Maid of Wimbleton reply'd, that she return'd him many thanks for the courteous proffer of his affection. Gentle Sir, quoth she, seeing that it is the will of my Father, that we two should lye together in one bed, let not his will be resisted, but let us enjoy one another as soon as we can, for often hath my Nurse spoken proverbially unto me, saying, happy is that woing which is not long adoing. When it was known that the two parties had got one the others affection, the Bonefires blaze, the Bells rang, and Sir Lambert and Sir Vane were both drunk that night for joy. Then were there great preparations for the solemnization of these most Royal Nuptials, but that which surpassed all, was the Gown in which she was to appear when she was to go unto the Temple, indeed so great was the rarity of it, that it requires a golden Pen to write it, and a tongue washt in the conservatives of the Muses honey, to declare it; for it was to be made of Diamonds, set in Rings of Barbary Gold. The toyle was great, so that it required a multitude of Artificers to accomplish the same; therefore they sought far and near for Men of Art, and in a short space they got together, to the number of five thousand, who wrought day and night in their several employments to carry on the great work. These Diamonds were all enchanted by Magick Art, and the vertues of them were so precious, that it is almost incredible to report: For therein one might behold the secret mysteries of all the liberal Sciences, and by art discover what was practised in the Courts of other Princes; If any Hill within a thousand miles of the place

were enriched with a Mine of Gold, they would describe the place and Countrey, and how deep it lay closed in the Earth. By them you might truly calculate upon the birth of Children, succession of Princes, and the continuance of Common-wealths, with many other excellent vertues, which I omit for this time.

CHAP. XI.

How Sir *Lambert* went to fight against the Christians in the Land of *Cheshire*, how he overthrew them, and of the challenge that was sent him by the Swinheard of *Maxfield*.

SIR Lambert and the Gyant Desborough having as we said before, divested the Soldan of his power, and cast him into Prison, they set up in his stead forty Tyrants to govern in his room, until Sir Lambert could come to be Soldane himself; For you must know that all the Paynims that were in armes, were under the command of Sir Lambert. Now these forty Tyrants being in power, for they were Paynims also, tyranniz'd over the Christians in most grievous wise; So that when the Christians could no longer endure the sad and heavy oppressions of the Paynims, which were indeed more lamentable then tongue can expresse, they were resolved to be avenged of the Paynims, and to rise up in armes against them. For you are to understand, that the Christians had a King of their own, a full and milde Prince, whose right it was to rule over them; but the Paynims having overthrown him in battel, forc'd him to quit his lawfull inheritance, and to flye out of his Kingdom. But when the Christians groaned under the heynous cruelties of the Paynims, then they bethought themselves again of recalling their King, and of freeing themselves from the power of the Paynims: Then did the Christians assemble together in many places of the Realm of Britain, forming themselves into Bands and Troopes in most Souldier-like fashion, but no where did they rise in so great numbers, as they did in the famous Countrey of Wales, and the Forrests of Chester; This so alarum'd the forty Paynim Tyrants, that they forthwith sent Sir Lambert with a very great Army against them. When Sir Lambert drew neer unto them, he encamped his whole Army exceeding strongly.

But

But when the Christians saw how nér the whole Army of Sir Lambert was unto them, and how weak they were, by reason that they were disappointed of those succours that were promised them, they were sore afraid, for that their number was but small, and besides this, they were most of them young Men, that never had practiz'd feates of armes before. The Paladine of Chester saw right well in what an ill plight his Troupes were; wherefore he had no mind to have fought with Sir Lambert at that time: for that Sir Lambert's Forces were all men approved in War, right hardy and couragious, and exceeding many more in number. Sir Lambert well knowing the advantage he had in his numerous Pagans, marched towards the Christians, who were encamped beyond the Dangerous Bridge, with great fury, with an intention for to give them an immediate assault, and force them from the Dangerous Bridge: whereupon the Christians were in great doubt whether they should resist the Pagans, or return again every one to his own home: when loe, up stood the Swinheard of Maxfield, otherwise call'd the nameless Knight, and utter'd his mind in these words, My most dearly beloved Countrymen, quoth he, the badness of our present condition right well I understand, and how basely we are betrayed through the vile enchantments of *Scoto* the Necromancer: However I question not but to break all his charms, whereby we may be free from the fury of those cursed Pagans that seek nothing but our ruin. When the Paladine heard this, he bad him take his course. Then the Swinheard of Maxfield mounted himself on a Courser, and by his trusty Squire sent him this Defyance, himself staying under a Tree to receive his answer.

The Swinheard *of* Maxfield *to Sir* Lambert, *Knight of the* Golden Tulep.

Sir *Lambert* I have heard ere now of thy valour, but know that I fear thee no more then the Lyon feareth the timerous Hare; I am resolved therefore to meet thee at the head of all thy Troopes, there to try the force of thy Sword, nor do thou disdain to accept the challenge of a Swinheard, who may chance

to prove as good a Knight as thy self; When Sir Lambert read the challenge, he said no more to the Squire, but only bad him to take notice of the colour of his Horse, and of his Burgonet. Then the Squire rode away, and Sir Lambert prest forward toward the Dangerous Bridge, to encounter the Christians; Then there began a sharp conflict betwixt the Christians and the Paynims, wherein for a while the Christians behaved themselves with great confidence and prowess. For the Swinheard beholding the Horse and Burgonet that his Squire had described unto him, with great courage spurr'd on his faithful steed, (which was a most remarkable one, for that it was a Horse that had but lately belong'd to the Knight of th' inchanted Mill) and without giving him the least notice of what he intended, he struck him so terrible a blow upon the visor of his Helmet, that with the fury thereof, he made sparkles of fire to issue out in great abundance, and forc'd him to bow his head unto his breast; but Sir Lambert soon return'd unto him his salutation, and struck the Swinheard such a desperate blow on the top of the Helmet, that the great noise thereof made a sound in all the mountains, and so began between them a most marvellous and fearful battel; for now Sir Lambert and the Swinheard, thought no other thing, but how to overthrow each other, striking each at other such terrible blows, as many times it made either of them senseless, and both seeing the force of one another, were marvellously incensed with anger. At length the Swinheard gave Sir Lambert such a terrible blow, that if it had hit right upon him, it would have cloven his head in pieces, but with great discretion Sir Lambert cleared himself thereof, so that it was stricken in vain, so that with great lightness he retired and struck the Swinheard so furiously, that he fell quite astonied to the Earth, without any feeling, then might you soon perceive by the abundance of blood that issued out of his mouth, and through the visor of his Helmet that the Swinheard was now ready to breathe his last. Sir Lambert having thus overthrown the Swinheard, with great eagerness pursu'd the Christians, who being over-powred by the numbers of the Pagans, thought it safer to commit themselves to the protection of by-paths, and wayes unknown to the enemy, rather then to yeeld to the cru-

elty

elty of the merciless Pagans. When Sir Lambert had obtained this victory, he caus'd it to be spread far and near, making it ten times as great as indeed it was, and he wrote unto the forty Tyrants to give them notice thereof, who thereupon honour'd him as a God, and sent him presents of gold, and precious stones; but he cared not for the forty Tyrants, nor for their presents neither, but gave them unto his Souldiers, who admired him for his courtesie; for he thought that because he had overcome this small handful of the Christians, that he was now able to overcome all the World: However as then he held fair correspondence with the forty Tyrants, because he was at a far distance from them, and for that he could not do any thing farther, till he had consulted with Sir Vane, how far he might presume upon his new successe.

CHAP. XII.

How Sir *Lambert* returned to the good City of *London*, and of the Feast which Sir *Vane* made him, and how they consulted to put down the forty Tyrants.

After this battel Sir Lambert returned with great joy and tryumph to the good City of London, where he was expected with much earnestnes by Sir Vane, the Gyant Desborough, and Sir Fleetwood the Contemptible Knight. When Sir Vane heard that Sir Lambert was returning, he was right glad, and resolved forthwith to go and meet him, and conduct him to the City. Ekfsones therefore he called his dwarfe to bring him his palfrey, and being mounted, he took on his journey. He was clad in a flame coloured Suit of Neapolitan silk, which was partly emblematical, partly for instruction; emblematical, in regard it signified his zeal to what he undertook: and as to instruction, it shew'd us, that though the silk came from Naples, an abominable and sinful City, yet that a Man was never the worse for wearing it, so that he did it upon an enigmatical score. His Hat was likewise of a strange fashion, for behind it hung down on his back with a long flappet to keep off the rain; but before it had no brim at all, to shew that a Man ought to put away all things that hinder him from looking to-

wards the heavens. On his Shield was pictur'd Fortune standing on a Rock, with this inscription underneath; She is thus mine: In this mysterious garb he came into the Forrest of Barnet, where when he saw Sir Lambert, he alighted from his Palfrey, and Sir Lambert did the like, and then they embraced one another most lovingly, quoth Sir Vane, I am right glad Sir *Lambert* of this your safe and happy return, and for the great victory which you have won, whereby you are now esteem'd one of the most worthy *Champions* of *Europe*, and right well I know that you have done your part, and that now it remains for me to do mine; therefore let us proceed on our journey, and if I do not play the Fox as well as you have play'd the Lyon, let me be deprived of my Knighthood, which I hold the greatest honour which I have in the World. For you must know, that although Sir Lambert were indeed as right cunning a Knave as Sir Vane, yet in councel Sir Vane would never give him the superiority, though at knocks he alwayes let him go before him. Sir Lambert submitted with all gentleneſſe unto the speech of Sir Vane, and so they came together unto the good City of London; When they passed through the Town, the people of the City were all very sad, and in great perplexity, for they cared not at all for Sir Lambert, nor for his successe, but wished with all their hearts that he had been slain by the Swinheard of Maxfield. But they on the other side, who had no reason to be in such heavy plight, made great rejoycings among themselves, feasting and banquetting one another in most ample manner; but the banquet which Sir Vane made exceeded all the rest, not so much for the riches, as for the strangeneſſe thereof, for he made use not onely of the meats and drinks of the Christians, but of those also of the Heathen, as Pillaw and Sherbet, intimating thereby, that as he made use of all sorts of diet to sustain nature, so Sir Lambert ought to make use of all sorts of interests to make himself great. When they had ended their feasting, Sir Vane and Sir Lambert retired into a private roome, there to take councel concerning their affairs. Sir Lambert discloſed then unto Sir Vane all that was hidden in his breſt, of his desire to make himself Soldan, and his intention to put down the Forty Tyrants; but withal he discover'd his fear

to

to attempt such an enterprize which would be so dangerous if not accomplish'd. But Sir Vane, who out of his cowardly nature lov'd to keep himself out of all peril, but cared not upon what dangers he put others, reply'd, 'That Sir Lambert had no 'cause at all to be timerous, for that the forty Tyrants were ill 'beloved of the people, and he well beloved of all the old Sol-'dans Host. That the Gyant Desborough, and Sir Fleetwood the Contemptible Knight, were sure to him. To which Sir Lambert answer'd, That 'twas true, that he thought he could with much ease put down the forty Tyrants, but what must we do then? cryes he: To which Sir Vane reply'd, Leave that to me, I have a plot in my head; and the more to encourage Sir Lambert, he repeated to him a certain Propheſy, the which ran in these words.

The Propheſie.

When the dead shall awake to joyn themselves with the living, then shall valour be at her height, and beauty in the supremest point of her glory.

'This Propheſie, know right well Sir Lambert, so said Sir 'Vane, can concern no Person living but thy self, as I shall 'shew thee by the easie expolition thereof, which flows without 'any force from the words.

When the dead shall come to joyn themselves with the living, that is, when we who in the time of the Soldan were dead as to the affairs of this World, shall come to joyn our selves with the living, that is, with the Gyant Desborough, and Sir Fleetwood, who were in great authority while the Soldan was in being, then shall valour be at her height, that is, then shall your self, who are right valourous, be Soldan, and beauty be in the supremeſt point of her glory; as much as to say, your passing beautious Lady shall be Soldaneſſe. When Sir Lambert heard this, he took up a new resolution, and resolved to venter what ere come of it. Then said Sir Lambert to the Knight of the Mysterious Allegories, Sir Vane thy wisdom is to be extolled, and thy words to be prized above the Gold. Wherefore, let us as soon as we have smoked out our pipes, go and

talk

talk with Sir Fleetwood, and my cozen the Gyant Desborough concerning it; for if they'l but joyn with us, Ile go presently about my work.

CHAP. VIII.

How don *Hazlerigo* the Knight with the hot head, being one of the forty Tyrants, suspected the intention of Sir *Lambert*, and how he would have had *Scoto* the *Negromancer* have enchanted him, and put him into his Castle at *Lambetho*, and how he cust his Dwarf for playing at Span-Farthing.

SIR Lambert being now full of hopes, and greatly swelled with the prophesy which Sir Vane had told him of, he began now to be very active in the prosecution of his design; But when he saw that the two Gyants cleped Creed and Berry were come to joyn with him, and that Sir Lilburn the degraded Viceroy was also come in unto his party, he eftsoones resolved by the advice of Sir Vane, to make known some of his desires to the Forty Tyrants. When the Forty Tyrants read them, they liked them not at all, but were highly provoked, especially Don Hazlerigo the Knight with the hot head, who being the most passionate Person in the World, fell into such a rage, that many of the Forty Tyrants themselves, though they knew his kindnesse to them, did greatly tremble thereat. 'Quoth he, how 'dares this Princock thus presume; am not I the wisest, and the 'most valorous Knight that ever Oceana brought forth, how 'happeneth it then that the Gods permit this contest between 'us? Have they no Thunderbolts to lend me, that I may nail 'this bold audacious Traytor to the Earth? Then turning to the Forty Tyrants, am not I above ye all, quoth he, why do ye then not do what I command? Let there be a great Caldron fetch'd, and let this presumptuous Traytor be boyled therein, and when he is boyl'd, he is boyl'd, and there will be an end of him. Hereupon one of the Forty Tyrants said that Don Hazlerigo had spoken like a right worthy Cavalier; and if all men men were of his mind, there wanted nothing but a Caldron. Don Hazlerigo reply'd, that he had one at home wherein his damsels did boyl foul cloathes, and Dye Livers for his meaner

Ser-

Servants, and thereupon he called his Dwarfe to fetch it; but the Dwarfe not answering to the call. Don Hazlerigo in great fury went forth to seek him. Oh the sad disastrous fate of the unfortunate Dwarfe! For Don Hazlerigo no sooner sought for him, but he beheld him playing at Span-farthing in the Yard belonging to the Palace of Westmonasterium. O are you there, quoth Don Hazlerigo in great despite. I'le be with you eft-soones. He was no sooner nèr him, but he reach'd the Dwarfe such a cuffe on the ear, that you might have heard the blow crosse the River of Thamesis unto the Temple of Saint Maryovers, crying out in great rage, fetch me the huge Caldron, sirrah: the Dwarfe who neither knew the meaning of his words, nor of his blowes, was in a great amaze, but at length recollecting himself, quoth he, am not I as good a Squire as he that belonged unto the Baron of Stamfordia? yet he beat the famous Don Hazlerigo, why may not I? with that he laid his truncheon on the brest of Don Hazlerigo, with such a force, that he was scarce able to keep himself from falling backward. Don Hazlerigo having thus miss'd of the Caldron, returnes again with as much haste as he could (for the Dwarfe hard pursu'd him) unto the Forty Tyrants, with whom he saw it was much safer to contend then with his Dwarfe. He fum'd, and they star'd, he foamed, and they were astonish'd, he could not speak for anger, neither durst they speak to him seeing him so angry, Yet they could not chuse but ask him where the Caldron was? to which after much stamping and staring, he reply'd, that he had found out another sort of punishment which he esteem'd far better. Then turning himself to Scoto the Negromancer, he thus revil'd him. 'Where are all thy charmes nocturnal Scoto, have 'all thy spirits forsaken thée, hast thou now no power over the 'great Belzebub, who is also ycleped Lucifer, to what end hast 'thou thy enchanted Castle at Lambetho, if thou makest no use 'thereof; awake great Scoto from thy dreaming trance, and 'raise a troop of infernal fiends to shelter thée from the ruine that 'will else befal thée: When Scoto heard Don Hazlerigo say thus, quoth he, 'Right valiant Knight if thou will bring Sir 'Lambert unto me, that my charmes may lay hold of him, I 'will put him in my Castle of Lambetho, from whence it shall

'be in the power of no Knight to free him, but at present I 'cannot prevail, for that the spirits which belong to Sir Vane 'the Sorcerer, are as strong to defend him, as mine are to doe 'him annoyance: Yet is there one way left, and that is for thee, 'to take with thee some three or four other Knights like thy self, 'then must you be sure to lay hold on him at such a time when he 'hath nothing on him but his shirt, for then he shall not be able 'to resist the charms which are laid upon him, so that we shall 'have our wills of him to do what we please with him. When Don Hazlerigo heard this, he vanish'd immediately from the Forty Tyrants, telling them what strange exploits he would do ere he came back.

CHAP. IX.

How Sir *Lambert* put down the *Forty Tyrants*, and how he and the Baron of *Sussex* justed together.

When Sir Lambert heard of the intention of Don Hazlerigo, and the rest of the Forty Tyrants, and of their cruel plot which was to have him sodden to death, he waxed sore in wrath, and caused the muster rolls to be numbred of those that were resolved to stand by him, and when he saw himself strong enough to deal with the forty Tyrants, he went into the Chamber of Councel, where he found Sir Vane, the Gyant Desbotough, Sir Berry the Knight of the Colepit, the Gyant Creed, the Contemptible Knight, and the Gyant Hutchinius called also Polyphem, to whom he spake in these words.

'Right worthy Champions,

'YEE know right well that I am not apt to seek that by force 'which I could obtain by fair means. How I am injured by 'the *forty Tyrants* you understand, neither am I ignorant how 'yee are all affronted for my sake, should I therefore now forsake 'you, I should be a greater Traytor to you my friends then to 'my self; but since it is so, I vow never to sleep in bed of 'down, nor to unbuckle my Shield from my weary armes, 'till I have quelled your foes, and given you full power over 'your enemies.

These

These heroical speeches were no sooner finish'd, but the Champions arming themselves with approved Corslets, and taking unto them their trusty swords, told him how ready they were to follow him in any undertaking.

Now had Aurora chas'd away the all to be spangled darkness, when lo Sir Lambert, intending to do by the forty Tyrants as Aurora had done before by the black brow'd Night, assembles his forces together; and pitches his tent close by the palace of the forty Tyrants. But they having notice of his comming, musterd their powers also together, and sent them against Sir Lambert under the command of a right valiant Knight call'd the Baron of Sussex, and now they stood opposite each to other within the reach of the dismal Gun; It was thought that these engines would have by and by breathed out their fury in flames of fire, and have sent their leaden Messengers to teare up the veins of mortals, and dam up the passages of life, but Sir Lambert, who was as valiant as he was cunning, and as cunning as he was valiant, and so either both valiant and cunning, or else neither cunning nor valiant, was loath to fight, for he fear'd the party which was for the lawful King of Britain, least they whilst he was combating against the forty Tyrants, should come and take the power from them both: wherefore he would not engage, but sought all other means to suppresse the forty Tyrants, that he could. Now as he was riding about, he met the chief of the forty Tyrants, who was the Knight of the gilt Mace, whom they had made General of the forces of Sir Lambert, coming to the assistance of the forty Tyrants, and all the way he came, he cry'd to the Souldiers of Sir Lambert, that they should desert Sir Lambert, and yield obedience to him, who was their Chieftain. But Sir Lambert, unwilling that the Souldiers should hear with that ear, lights off his Horse, takes up a great brickbat, and flings it full at the head of the Knight of the Gilt Mace, and but for the mercy of a kind fate, had dash't out Sir Lenthal's brains; and then taking the Horses by their bridles, he thrust them, the Chariot, and all that were in it, quite out of the City of Westmonasterium, as you would thrust a rolling stone before ye through a bowling green: Nor were the Souldiers idle all this while, for what bullies they could not

discharge out of their Guns, they discharg'd out of their mouths, calling one another Daggs, Rogues, and Sons of Whores, and that their hands might be in action likewise, they threw at one another, Hand granadoes, the which according to a new invention among Souldiers, were made of the tops of Turneps, bound together with a With; While the two fierce Armies stood looking so grimly each on the other, Scoto the Negromancer was gotten privately into a high Tower built on the top of the West end of the Temple of Westmonasterium; that when the combat did begin he might assist the forces of the Baron of Suffex by his Magick spels.

Now quoth he is the battel surely begun, for me thinks I hear the Baron of Sussex cry for help, now is the time that my charming spells must work Sir Lambert's overthrow; which being said, thrice he kiss'd the flor of the said Tower, and thrice besprinkled the Circle with his own blood, which with a silver razer he let out from his left arme, and after that he began to speak in this manner. Stand still yée wandring Lamps of heaven, move not swéet stars till Scoto's charmes be brought to full effect. O thou great Demon, Prince of the damned Ghosts, thou chief Commander of those gastly shapes that lightly glide by misbelieving Travellers, even thou that holdest a snaky Scepter in thy hand, sitting upon a Throne of burning steel, even thou whose eyes are like Sawcers, and who tossest burning fire brands abroad like Tennis balls. I charge thée to open thy brazen gates, and send forth thy Legions of infernal fiends, for that of them I now do stand in great néed. Belzebub being so severely charg'd, took the pains not onely to ascend to the Earth, but to go up also to the top of the Tower, to receive the commands of Scoto the Negromancer, who long'd for the encounter that he might set him on work; But the Devil having staid till night, and séeing nothing for him to do, was so sorely enraged against Scoto, that he took him by the Legs, intending to have thrown him from the top of the Tower, but afterwards bethinking with himself that he should lose a good Servant, and that he should spoyle the story, for that it was never heard in any Romance that any Negromancer was ever punish'd, till some Knight had ended his enchantments, he set Scoto on his

legs

legs, and in great fury flung down to hell again. For to tell yée the truth, there was no combate of note all that day, excepting between the Baron of Sussex and Sir Lambert; for Sir Lambert knowing that he was well belov'd by the Souldiers belonging to the Baron of Sussex, was resolved to goe and speak to them, thinking by fair spæches to win them to his side; when the Baron saw him, he was likewise resolv'd to hinder him, whereupon they prepared to the carèer, but they onely brake their Launces in the first encounter; whereupon the Baron drew his sword, but Sir Lambert entreated him to just once more; most willingly reply'd the Baron, then mæting together, Sir Lambert's Horse was almost down, for the Horse that he rode on all that day was none of the best, and the Baron likewise lost one of his stirrups, being glad to catch hold by the maine of his Horse: Sir Lambert having more mind to be chief Soldan, then to be bastinadoed, seeing the Baron maintain the fight so equally against him, took his leave; telling the Baron he should take another time to be quit with him. But the forty Tyrants seeing no hope of relief, and that they were unequal in power to Sir Lambert, were content to submit unto him, which they did accordingly, giving him possession of the Palace, and of all that was therein, causing the Baron of Sussex to draw off his forces; which done, Sir Lambert went home with much glée and content, supp't quietly, and lay with his Sultanesse in most pleasant wise.

CHAP. XV.

How Sir *Lambert* and Sir *Vane* being *Pagans*, went about to set up the worship of their Heathen Idols; and how they intended to have altered the Laws and Government of *Britain*.

When Sir Lambert had thus by his power put down the forty Tyrants, Sir Vane, and he doubted not now to carry all before them; therefore they fell into consideration how they might secure to themselves the chief power, which they had got into their own hands as well as they could: Sir Vane was of an opinion, that seeing it was their intent to erect

a new Empire, they ought to change the Religion of the Country, and to make a new one as neer the humour as they could, of these people whom they saw adhering to them upon the hopes of such an alteration, and already inclin'd to such a change as might well agree with their interest. First and foremost therefore, knowing that they must take asunder what was already established, before they could put their own together, they resolv'd to abolish wholly the Religion of the Christians, for that it was so opposite to what they intended, that it was impossible for them to let the least tittle thereof remain: And because it is no hard matter to beware by other mens harms, seeing that the too much pretending to knowledge among the vulgar Christians (It being dangerous for any person to have more knowledge then he is able to manage) had been the cause of their confusion; they resolv'd to reform that error, and to take from the people all meanes of diving into hidden things, to which end they had order'd that all Schooles of learning should be taken away; and so far they were from having any teachers among the people, that they order'd it should be death for any one to teach his children the primer; Yet because they knew that the awe of a Deity was very necessary, though never so airy and notional. Sir Lambert being now chief Soldan, caus'd Proclamation to be made, whereby the God of the Christians was depos'd, and eight other deities erected in his rome; Four of these deities were of the feminine gender, and four of the newter; Of the female deities, two were Latine, Destinia, and Ignorantia. One Italian, La Potta del Papa Giovanna; and the fourth French, Fourre du diable; Of the male deities one was Latine, *Summum Imperium*. One Spanish, Puerco del Paradiso; The third Italian, Cazzo nel culo; and the last of Scotch extraction call'd the Piper of Kilbarchen; and he further proclaimed that his subjects should attribute divine worship unto these, and that these onely should be ador'd as the onely and most supreme Gods, powers over the Earth, as to future expectations Sir Vane took it all from Mahomet, changing little or nothing; having thus setled religion, they proceed to alter the civil government. Sir Lambert said that he did not like the lawes, and therefore would have new ones; but Sir Vane said it was altogether

together unnecessary as yet to have any at all, for that necessity would compel their party to be yet a while unanimous and loving one to another, and if the Christians had any lawes to fly to, it would hinder their party for destroying those their enemies, which was to be done no other way, but by giving their party leave to practice all manner of tyrannies and violencies over them.

Yet one law Sir Vane liked well that it should be made, which was a law against the importing of Barrel Figgs, least thereby the Christians should learn Unity, seeing things of the same nature stick so close together. Then in imitation of Joshua who drave out the Canaanites cleare out of the Land to give his people a full possession thereof, they intended to have destroy'd all the old inhabitants of Britain, both Nobles, Gentry and Yeomen, by making their own party Lords over them, who were all of a new race, as being the Sons of the Earth, and such therefore whom no tyes of consanguinity had interest to make them in the least wise merciful: When these things were divulg'd among the Christians, there was a famous divine among them, that went to Sir Vane to reason the case with him. Quoth he unto him, it is a very dangerous thing to alter the Religion, and take away the Laws of a Nation; Sir Vane replyes, that as to the alteration of Religion, it was a thing which they thought convenient, and therefore since they had the power in their hands, they were resolv'd to do it; and as for taking away the Laws, he thought 'twas very well done also; for that was the difference between theeves and honest men. Theeves indeed were necessitated to make Laws among themselves, and to observe them; but honest Men, said he, such as we and our party, have no need thereof; for that we are no theeves, but robbers; and if we do possesse other Mens goods, it is because we have right thereunto, being born to inherit the Earth: Alas quoth Sir Vane, Laws are the guides of the soul, and therefore those who would be counted most free, ought to live without one, for if it be a mark of slavery to have the legs or hands bound, certes it is a signe of far greater subjection to suffer the mind to be in fetters. When the ancient Seer heard these arguments he was convinc'd, not by the strength of

Sir

Sir Vane's reason; but because he saw it was in vain to contend with an unreasonable strength; and therefore with great sorrow for the affliction which he saw was like to fall upon the Christians, he took his leave of the Knight of the mysterious Allegories and departed.

CHAP. XVI.

How the Christians rebell'd against Sir *Lambert*, and how he march'd against them into the North, and what happen'd thereupon.

THE Christians were now in a sad condition, for that the Heathens having vow'd their destruction, went about to put in practise all those designes which they could think on for the effecting of their purpose. But they had one Champion yet alive, who was hight Sir George, who was the most worthy Champion that ever the Brittaines had. Who seeing the destruction that was like to fall upon the Christians, resolved to oppose himself in their defence; whereupon sir Lambert sent defyance unto the Loyal Knight, telling him that he would shortly meet him in the Plains of Northimbria. But before he went, he consulted with the Knight of the Mysterious Allegories, how he might secure unto him the Metropolis of Brittaine, which he was now going to leave behind him, and what persons he might entrust for to mannage his great affairs in his absence. Whereupon they agreed to constitute several Seer's of the Square Table, which being assembled together, should have the name of a Councel of Safety. Now that they might not crosse the proverb, as they were to have new Laws, so they resolved to make new Lords. And indeed sir Vane, who was altogether for Allegories, told sir Lambert, that there were no men fitter then those from whose trade or occupation he might draw some allusion, that he might teach him still what to do; Therefore he advised him to chuse one Grocer, that it might mind him of braying his Enemies in the Morter of affliction, and grinding them as small as Pepper. He bid him take one Drawer of Cloath, such was the Seer Brandritho, to shew that there ought not to be any differences among factions of the same

Stamp

Stamp: He bid him take one that was employed in Cole-Pits, such was Sir Berry, the Knight of the Cole-Pit, to shew that a Politician ought alwayes to be undermining. One Scotchman, such was the Seer Warreston, to shew the Treachery and Falshood that Politicians ought to use. One Ploughman, such was the Gyant Desborough, to shew the care that a Politician ought to have, and how he ought to observe times and seasons. And one Cobler, intimating thereby that a Politician ought to look after no mans ends but his own. When Sir Lambert had made choice of his Councel he spake unto them in these Words.

Right Worthy Patriots,

I Have here made choice of ye, that ye may assist me in the carrying on my great work, I must leave ye for a time, for that I am going to meet the Loyal Knight in the Plains of *Northimbria*, who hath bid me defyance, wot ye well that ye have to deal with a proud and insolent City; if therefore they will not be rul'd, smoak um to death in their own Hives, as they do Bees. He was famous that burnt the Temple of *Diana*, and *Nero* was famous that burnt *Rome*; then be ye famous also, and burn *London*. I shall say no more, because I repose a confidence in ye, not doubting but that ye will stick close unto me, if not for my sake, yet for your own ends, which by no means but mine, ye can ever be able to attain.

When he had uttered these sayings, they all stood up and cry'd long live the Soldan of Brittain.

CHAP. XVII.

How the Seer *Wareston* lay with a Lady of pleasure that came to him with a Petition, upon the Councel Table, and what happened thereupon.

LEave we now Sir Lambert a while, and let us rehearse what happen'd at the Councel of Safety, of which the Seer Warreston was Chief President, who was a right notable Knave, and exceeding falacious, as you shall understand by that which follows. There was a Lady at that time, who had certain sad occasions to visit the Councel of Safety for the re-

dzeſs of certain grievances, but could never find a fit oppoz-tunity to deliver her ſupplication; but at length finding that the Seer Warreſton was all alone in the Councel Chamber, ſhe pzevail'd with money, of the Doze-keper to let her in. When ſhe came in, ſhe appeared right comely unto the Seer, and rela-ted her Stozy unto him with ſuch a grace, that he was ſtraighs-way enamoured of her; Quoth he, Well do you deſerve fair Lady to have your Petition granted, but ſhould I grant you your Petition, would you grant me mine? Alas! ſaid the Lady, it is not for you to petition, who have ſo much power in your hands. Ah! reply'd the Seer, you have wounded me; and I hope you will cure the wound which you have made, and ſay-ing theſe wozds, he pulled her by the Gown upon his knés as he ſate in his great Chair, and would have killed her. The Lady not ignozant, how much coyneſs inflamed, made great reſiſtance; but the moze ſhe reſiſted, the moze was he on fire; ſo that there was exceeding great contention and ſtrugling betwéen them; at length the luſtful Seer being the ſtronger, had thzown her upon the Councel Table, and there laid her flat on her back, where at length ſhe gave him leave to quench his deſires with the ſpoils of her ſeeming Chaſtity, on condition that he would grant her Requeſt. He had no ſooner finiſhed, but in came Sir Fleetwood the Contemptible Knight, and ſome others, who ſeeing the Seer in a ſtrange poſture, with his Band rumpled, his Cap off, the Sléeve of his Gown torn, and his Face moze redder then ozdinary, deſired to know of him what had happen'd unto him. The Seer not at all abaſhed, told them the whole Stozy: who entred thereupon into great conſultations among themſelves. Some were of an opinion, that ſince the Seer Wareſtons Ge-nealogy was likely to increaſe, that the Souldan ſhould allow him a larger ſtipend. One ſtod up and ſaid it was requiſite that the Contemptible Knight, and the Knight of the Allegories ſhould be ſent to the Temple of the Gods, La porta del Papa Giovanna, to enquire of the Dzacle whether it were a Boy oz a Girle, that pzoviſion foz the birth and education might be made accozdingly. Others were of opinion that 'twas convenient to know what his Name ſhould be; This debate took up above a weeks time, with continual pro's and con's, and at length they con-

concluded that if it were a Boy, he should be called by the Name of young Finbrandus, and that he should be sent to the enchanted Castle NEWGATE, to be bred up in all the secrets of that place, by the several Gyants that frequented the Castle. But if it were a Girle, that she should be delivered to witch Creswellia to be taught all kind of sorceries and enchantments; and so the Councel was dismist for that time.

CHAP. XVIII.

How Sir *Lambert* marched against the *Loyal Knight* as far as the Forrest of *Northimbria*; and how the Councel of Safety sent the Gyant *Husonius* to kill the Christians for playing at Foot-Ball.

SIR Lambert was now gone towards the Forrest of Northimbria to encounter the Loyal Knight, leaving behind him Sir Vane and the Contemptible Knight. Now you must know that before Sir Lambert departed out of the good City of London, there came unto him the Sier Feko High Priest of the Temple of the Idol, prepared Foutre le Diable, and the Sier Rogero High Priest of the Idol Cuzzonel Culo, and declared unto him, how they had that night seen a Vision, and having told what they had seen each unto the other, that they had both dreamed the same Dream: Me thought quoth the Sier Feko, that I was in a great field, where I saw Sir Lambert's Horse feeding among a multitude of other Horses, when on a sudden Sir Lambert's Horse elevating his rump, let an exceeding great Fart, so that the Noise thereof caused the Valleys to sound, and the Hills to eccho, and with the strength thereof blew away all the said Horses, so that when I looked about again, I could not see one Horse left. Now while I was musing upon the strangenesse of the accident, there came a young man to me cloathed in Blew, who bid me declare what I had seen unto Sir Lambert, for that as his Horse had Farted away all the other horses, so should he scatter all his enemies. When Sir Lambert heard this, he caused his Butler to be sent for, and commanded him to carry the two High Priests into the Buttery, and set the Bread and Cheese before them, and to give them as

much Ale as they would drink: which assoon as he had said, he gallop'd away as fast as he could, to encounter the Loyal Knight. Now after that he had been gone a good while, it happen'd one morning that the weather being cold, the young men of the City of London went to play at Football in the Streets, which being related unto the Council of Safety, they were sore afraid, fearing lest the Christians having such a pretence to assemble together, might rise against them; wherefore they sent command immediately to the Gyant Husonius to go into the City, for fear of the worst. Now such was the hast he was in, that because he could not readily find his own Arms, he was forced to put on his head, a great iron porridge-pot which was next at hand; instead of his shield he took the pot-lid, and in lieu of his Mace, he pull'd up one of the great Elms in the Forrest of St. Jamses; and thus accoutred, away he goes, taking a great Band of souldiers along with him. The Christians hearing of his coming, shut the Gates of the City, thinking to keep him out; but the Gyant pusht them open, with as much ease, as if they had been made of Past-board; and finding his own shield defective, he made use of one of the Gates for his Buckler all that day. Yet notwithstanding his coming, the Christians continued playing at Foot-ball, not dreaming that their sport had been offensive. But so it fell out, that one of the Christians striking the Ball right strenuous, by which his foot kick'd the Ball full in the Gyants Face, so that his Eye was in great danger. The Gyant who had but one Eye, and being jealous that the Christians intended to put out that too, was sorely enraged; wherefore in great fury he laid about him with his huge Elm among the multitude, killing six of the Christians at one blow; which the Christians beholding, they incontinently fled away: That, when the Gyant Husonius saw, he thought it good time to satisfie his hunger, as well as his revenge. Thereupon he straightway went and took up one of the dead Christians, and so sitting down upon the ridge of a house, in a moment devoured him raw, without either bread or salt, and having finish'd his bloudy Meal, Now, quoth he, have I din'd as well as ever I did in my life, had I but half a Childe to close my stomack. The young men seeing this, would have altogether fallen upon the Gyant,

so

ſo little they car'd either for his arms, or the baſeneſs of his propoſition; but the chief Governour fearing the danger of popular Tumults, choſe rather to put up in ſilence the injuries of the Gyant, then hazard the ſafety of the City, when there ſeemed other probable means of ſecuring it: wherefore the Gyant ſeeing at length none to oppoſe him, returned with great triumph to the place from whence he came, and was received with much gladneſſe by the Councel of Safety, onely they rebuked him, that he did not bring the reſt of thoſe Chriſtians along with him which he had kill'd, that he might have had them for his ſupper.

CHAP. XIX.

How the *Forty Tyrants* were ſet up again, and how *Don Hazlerigo* cauſed ſeveral Children to be whipped to death for calling him RVMPER.

SIR Lambert being now at a great diſtance from the City of Londinum. The forty Tyrants conſpired together, and in a ſhort time they ſo managed their buſineſſe, that they vanquiſh'd the Councel of Safety, and all that adhered unto Sir Lambert; For Don Hazlerigo having got ſome few armed Troops together, came to Londinum with ſo much haſte and Fury, that both the Gyants Desborow and Huſonius were much appall'd; and beſides that, he had joyned himſelf with the Knight of the Green Ocean. When the forty Tyrants heard that Don Hazlerigo was coming to Town, they went forth to meet him, every one clad with a Gown of Tyrean Purple, embroidered with Gold; for they never car'd what they ſpent, ſo it were of the publick money, and before each perſon went 20 ſquires bare, with Cognizances on their ſleeves, every one carrying in his hand the Arms and Pedigrée of his Lord. Don Hazlerigo was on a Hill, when he ſaw um coming towards him with their Hats on about a mile off; wherefore immediately he ſent away one of his Squires, to know of them how they durſt be ſo bold as to keep their hats on before him, while he was in ſight; whether they knew who he was: and whether that were their grateful acknowledgment of the Favours which

they were then about to receive from him; whereupon with many humble expressions of sorrow for their offence, they presently unvaild; when they approach'd near, he gave them the farthest end of the Lash of his whip to kisse, having rebuked them first for their sawcinesse. As he return'd, he rode hindmost in a silver Coach gilded with gold, besides which ran 200 Pages and Footmen attired in blew Velvet, The Trumpets that went before him sounding his praises, were like the sands on the sea for number, making such a dreadful noise, that many report that they saw the Graves in many Church-yards to open, and men start up in their shirts to ask what the matter was. Coming into the Chamber of Councel, they plac'd him under a Canopy of State; when on a suddain rising up with a Look as Furious as *Tamberlaines*. What rage (quoth he) did possesse that vain Fool Sir *Lambert*, to lift himself up against me, who am in worth as much above him as the Heaven is above the Earth: proud vaunting piece of insolence, shortly shall he too late repent, when he shall receive the same punishment from my hands, as the haughty Almidor King of *Morocco* did from the hand of St. *George*. Behold, ye are now once more established by my power; therefore let us to work, and handle this insolent Nation without Mittens; Above all things beware of consideration, knowing that delays are dangerous. If we must burn, let us burn; if kill, kill, 'tis no matter whom, what, or when: we lose our Authority while we enter into such consultations: consulting shews fear, and fear was never the mark of absolute Dominion: The Devil, their fire, and his Dam go with all Consultations, and Deliberations, and sage Thoughts; but be ruled by me, and I warrant you all things will go well. When he had spoken these words, he departed home to his Spouse: Now not long after it happened that he was going in great state to the House, certain little children playing together, cried one to another, There goes one of the Rump, which was a term of Ignominy that the people of Britain had thrown upon the Forty Tyrants; which when it came to the ear of Don Hazlerigo, he caused the said children to be sent for; when they came before him, with a stern countenance, he commanded that they should be forthwith taken away, and whipped to Death with

with whips of knotted whipcord: And when one said unto him that it was too cruel a Sentence, he replyed that it was too merciful; for that they might thank him that he did not cause them to be offered up to the Idol Molock in the Valleys of the Chimeron; and with that he flung away in a great rage, in order to his other Affairs.

CHAP. XX.

How *Sir Lambert* submitted, and how the Gyants, *Desborow*, *Cobbet*, *Creed*, and *Hewson*, seeing themselves disappointed of their Designes, went to fight against Heaven.

When Sir Lambert saw that he could not get unto the Loyal Knight, who seeing himself far unequal to Sir Lambert in number, kept himself in his strong Holds; he thought upon a way how to keep the Loyal Knight from coming to him: he saw his Souldiers wanted work, and therefore to keep them from mutining, and being idle, which two inconveniences commonly go together, like a Citizen and his wife, He gave them a command that they should build up a Wall in the Land of Northimbria, the which in breath should reach from sea to sea, and in height up unto the clouds, and which should be so thick that fifty Coaches might go a breft; and to secure it from the thunder-thumping-bullets of the dismal-noise-making Canon, he sent for the *Seer* Feko to enchant it. Now where Travellers were to passe to and fro, he ordered that there should be a great Gate made of Massie Brasse, which should be bolted with Bolts as big about as an ordinary Steeple, the Shooter of the Lock was to be as broad as an Acre of Ground: Then said the Artificer unto Sir Lambert, Who shall turn the Key? and Sir Lambert replyed, Let there be a Will to turn it. Now as Sir Lambert was contriving about this Wall, Sir Vane hearing of his design, sent him a Letter; the substance whereof was, that he had heard of the Wall which he was going to build; and therefore he advised him, because Love would break thorough stone walls to make it of Brick: in answer to which Sir Lambert sent him another, wherein he assured him that the Wall should be of Brick accordingly, and that if he would not believe him, he might come down and see.

Sir

Sir Lambert had a double Design in making this wall; First, because that being he was not ignorant that his souldiers must dig very deep to lay the foundations of such a wall, he knew nothing to the contrary, but that they might find some Mine or other, whereby to enrich both themselves and him, but his main drift was to keep the Loyal Knight from coming into Britain: moreover this wall was to be guarded by never-sleeping Dragons, which were to be sent for from Lydia, as also by Mastiff Dogs, which were to be kept hungry for that purpose. You'l say now he was in a fair way, but woe unto a man when ill luck follows him. Now said the Knight of the Golden Tulep unto himself, shall I have such a wall, as there will not be in the world such another, nor was there ever such a one before? Travellers shall come to see this wall of mine, from all the parts of the Earth, and shall bring mony in their pockets, and shall enrich my Land; then will I plant Apricocks and Peaches against this wall, and when they are ripe, I will say unto my wife, lo, the fruits of my Wall. While he was thus solacing himself under his wall, came unto him the sad news how that the Forty Tyrants were got into power again, and that Don Hazlerigo with an Army had forced all his one and twenty Seers to run away, swearing that he would not onely boyl Sir Lambert now, but make Porridge also of his Flesh, he fell straightway into a swoon, continuing so for eight and forty hours; when his friends saw that, they sent for Physicians, who were in a great amaze; but at length they agreed that he should be laid under a Pump, the well being first cleans'd and fill'd with Anised water; which was done accordingly, and so they laid him under the spout and pump'd strong-water into his mouth for ten days together: at the end whereof, through the heat of the water he began to revive, and elevating his drowzy head, Oh! quoth the Knight of the Golden Tulep, groaning like a soul in Purgatory, Accursed be the Loyal Knight; for my Cake's dow, and all by his means. But the Gyant Desborow cursed the Knight of the Mysterious Allegories, being very free of his Malediction, because that by his means they had put down the Forty Tyrants, saying that he was the arrantest Knave that ever pissed with a P—. Sir Lambert

now

Knight of the Lyons. When the forty Tyrants saw that they could make no resistance against the Loyal Knight, neither of themselves, nor by any other means, they came to the Loyal Knight, saying unto him, We thought till now, my Lord, that ye were one of the best advised Knights of the whole world, but that we now by proof perceive the contrary. You think that what ye do is for safety of your Honour, but you will find it to be the losse of you and your men. But the Loyal Knight replying, Full well, quoth he, do you manifest your horrible Treason; for besides your Treachery in compacting the Death of your Lord, you would have me also a Traytor to his Posterity, as ye have proved. Then said the forty Tyrants, to hinder us from ruling in London? To which the Loyal Knight making answer, Never, quoth he, shall Traytor reign in London while the most Honourable King of the World liveth. When this debate was ended. He summon'd the Kings Friends together, and gave them the chief power over Britain, which was no sooner restored unto them, but they sent for the true and lawful King of Britain, who not long after was received into his chief City of Londinum with great Joy and Triumph: And so concludeth the First Part of this History.

FINIS.

Don Juan Lamberto:

The Second Part.

CHAP. I.

How the Seer *Liste* hearing of the return of the lawful King of *Britain*, devised for to flye out of the Land, how he made to himself a Periwig of Camels hair, and how he fled into *Egypt* in a winged Chariot.

NOw as they were resting themselves in the Forrest under the forsaken Tree, Sir Lambert unbuckled his Armour, and was laying himself down in a posture to sleep, when lo there came a Snayl creeping towards him. Oh that I could now pray, quoth he, as well as the old Soldan could, for certainly this is an evil Spirit, but when he gathered up his resolution and struck it, the poor Snayl pull'd in its horns, and then he had compassion thereon, for said he, this my Snayl is in my condition, and pulls in its horns, even as I am forced to pull in mine, because of the tapp which the forty Tyrants have given me. But the forty Tyrants though they had vanquished Sir Lambert, did not yet enjoy their intended ease and quiet, for they were sorely press'd upon by the Loyal Knight, and the rest of the Christians that were with him, who were indeed too Cunning for them: For the Loyal Knight seeing that his Forces were not powerful enough for them,

them, at first feigned himself to be a Pagan like unto, at which they were right glad, and commanded him to pull down the Gates of the City of Londinium, which when he had done, they said one to another, now the Towne's ours, for they thought that they had made the Loyal Knight Cock sure to them, but when he saw how they had abused him, he called for one of the City Gyants, who was seven yards high, and fifteen foot about the waste, and bid him go and pull those proud and furious Dominatours from their imperious Thrones, who presently took his March, and being come to the place where they were met, he put his hand in at the window, and took them out one by one, as men take out young Squabs out of Pigeon holes. Then did the forty Tyrants howl and bawl, and yawl, and fume, and swear and tear, as the Poet most elegantly hath it,

— rending their Throats for Anger.

But little good did it do them, even no more than Scurvygrass. Ale doth a man good that drinks it to cure his Corns; for the Gyant had no more compassion on them, than the Lyon hath upon his Prey. They begg'd 'tis true, but he frown'd, then they begg'd again, but he frown'd again, then they begg'd again, but then he frown'd terribly, so that his brows came down to his Chin, and then they trembled like Aspin leaves. 'Tis well quoth the Gyant that I give you time to consider of the evil which ye have done, and that I do not presently gobble you up, as for example with that; It is reported for certain, that he took up the Seer Cornelio Lanellus, and having first rubb'd him between his fore finger and his thumb, as they do Damsons, to make him tender, he toss'd him into his mouth, and swallowed him whole, the which I take to be more probable, because he hath since been much sought after, and could never be found, nor so much as heard of. When the Seer Lille saw that, he was full sore afraid, for quoth he, There is no man deserveth lesse from the Christians than I have done; For ye must know my dearly beloved friends, that this famen Seer was one of the chief of the forty Tyrants, who upon all occasions did sentence the innocent Christians to death, sitting upon a Throne made

for

for that purpose, clad in Scarlet and fine Linnen. Wherefore espying his opportunity, he ran hastily away from the face of the Gyant, and fled unto a certain Castle which appertained to the Witch who was called the Sable-brow'd-Enchantress, which stood near the Hamlet of Bloomesbury, where he remained hidden certain days under the Coats of one of the Harlots of that place, till the heat of the search was over. Now that our History may be the clearer, seeing that we are fallen to speak of this right notorious Seer, we thought it necessary, to discover something of his genealogy. His Father was a Cow-keeper, who deriv'd his Pedigree from the fierce Fireanton, who was the first Switzer that ever was in the world, and his Mother was the fair Elisabetha, who nois'd hot Chaldron Pyes about the Streets of Londinum, and was descended from the beautiful Scourandirona, who was chief Chary-woman to Nimcodds Clerk of the Kitchin. It is reported that the Babe being born, did fart right often, whence some out of the depth of their foresight did strangely conjecture, that the time should come when he should stink for fear in his latter days; When he grew up, he was much given to thrust himself into joynt-stools with the bottomes upward. Hereupon some said he would come to be the Pontifex Maximus; but others that were of a deeper fore-sight did right sapiently conjecture, that though he might arrive to high degree, yet in one part of his life or other he should come to be in a very streight condition. Help trust me, and how is it in the power of man to help it? For as the proverb saith right well, Fortune is fickle; so that there is nothing more inconstant than wayward Fortune. This made that potent Magnifico Don Slaolfolko Guasta Campo cry out when he was vanquish'd by the most potent and most furious Knight Don Fernando Fereno mano; Oh quoth he, The stripes of cruel Fortune what are they like? like the dashing of the proud Billows against the sturdy Rocks? no: like the roaring of the untamed Lyon? no: like a noise of Fidlers? no, neither. What then? there is nothing to be compared unto them. The lashes from a Hang-man at the Carts tail, are but ticklings of the skin in comparison of them; for they make Ladies weep, Knights to howl, and Gyants to roar. But let us return to our

story,

now considering the sadness of his condition, was in a bushel of troubles, so that he knew not what in the world to do. Should I go to the Town of London, quoth he, what should I do there? walk about the streets with my hands in my pocket like a Dutch Saylor? That befits not him, that once rode about the streets of Westmonasterium, like a Country Bagler, causing his enemies to creep into Trevises. That becomes not him who once vanquish'd the Baron of Cheshire, and lain the Swineheard of Maxfield sprawling on the ground. But 'tis a folly to talk, I must either go or stay; well, Ile go: But God knows my heart, 'tis even as a Bear goes to the stake; and I know I shall be baited like a Bear too; and what then? why a Bear's a Bear, and a Knight's a Knight: Nay, and a Knight's a Bear too; for by the same consequence that I a Knight am made an Ass, shall I a Knight be likewise made a Bear: But let um take heed of their Bears, that is, let um look to themselves; for if ever I get um in my paws again, Ile gripe um a little faster then I did before. When Sir Lambert had spoken these words, he threw his cloak over his shoulders, and in very melancholy-wise spur'd his Steed forward. The Forty Tyrants hearing that he was come unto the good Town of London, they sent for him to have him in Examination; But when he came before them, Don Hazlerigo look'd upon him with a very grim aspect, Sirrah, quoth he, Sir Knight, what made thy over-venturous, fool-hardy, coxcombly presumption, dare to advance it self against our noble Mirror of Knight-hood? Did'st thou not know that I was cholerick; how then dared'st thou to provoke me? Sir Lambert then pleaded for himself, saying, That he had not done what he did, but that he thought 'twas for the good of the Nation. Thou lyest like a Rogue, replies Don Hazlerigo; and having said those words, commanded him to be taken away forthwith, and to be thrown into the Caldron of boyling Lead, which was prepared in a place not far off: and they say he had certainly been boyled to death, had not the Knight of the Mysterious Allegories interceded for him; though indeed he did not prevail so much upon him, but rather prevail'd upon the intentions of some of the Forty Tyrants, who liking not the proceedings of the Loyal Knight, resolved to make use of

 him

him again, in case any such quarrel should happen, as they suspected.

When the Gyant Cobbetto, the Gyant Credo, the Gyant Hackero, the Gyant Hufonio, and the Gyant Rodesbo heard of the ill successe of Sir Lambert; they grew very mutinous against the Gods of their Religion; they wonder'd that their Gods would use them so discourteously, that it was neither a friendly part, nor the part of Gentlemen to deal with their Idolaters in that fashion: they tax'd them with the want of morality, and common civility; and at length one thing aggravating another, they resolved to make them know themselves, and if they would not do that, to pull them out of Heaven by the head and ears. But how shall we come at them? quoth one; well enough cries another; are there not mountains enough in the world? let us never leave setting one upon another, till we reach them.

Hereupon Credo and Cobbetto were sent to bring away Arthur's Seat, and the rest of the Mountains in Scotland, Hufonio was sent to fetch Atlas out of Africa, and Hackero was sent to fetch the Mountains of Caucasus. Then did the Gyants Hufonio and Hackero, prepare them wonderful Stilts wherewith to wade through the deep Ocean: Now because that the length of them was such and so vast, they took the largest steps that ever were known, one Stilt being always ten Mile before the other, which may seem incredible, but that we do not find it set down in the Apocrypha.

The Gyant Credo seeing them preparing them such Stilts, he presently made himself such two; for, quoth he, surely they must be excellent for dispatch, which he found to be true; for by the help of those Stilts he went to the furthest parts of old Scotia, and back again in lesse then a quarter of an hour, bringing a huge and mighty Hill upon his head with more ease then a Turk carries his Turbant: now because the Hill covered him all over, so that he could not be perceiv'd, some say that the Hill walk'd and it was taken for a great Miracle throughout all Albion. When he came to the place appointed, he took the said mountain off his head, as one would take off his Cap, and with one hand set it upon the top of Plimlemmon; he had no sooner

done

done it, but the Caverns of his belly roar'd, and immediately sent forth such a mighty tempest as blew the said Mountain quite away some 15 Miles into the Ocean, as you would blow away a Feather with a Smiths pair of Bellows, and so was all that labour lost. Scarcely had this misfortune befallen them, when the Gyants Husonio and Hackero return'd the one from Tennariffe, the other from Africa, They related strange things; how that as they were taking up the Mountains on their backs, the Knights of those Countries came upon them, so that they were forc'd to fight with all Comers and Goers for six days and nights together: Husonio said that he had slain three Millions of Knights, and Hackero reported how he had kill'd five Millions and ten Knights, besides two dwarfs; but at length hearing that Atlas was coming to defend his own mountain being very weary, they retired forthwith; for they were loth to venture rubbers with a Gyant of such Fame as he was: However they brought with them four or five smaller Hills, which were not above two or three Miles high a piece, which they had put in their pockets for fear of being discovered. But as they were going to place these one upon another, according to their first resolutions, lo, another accident that spoiled all: For early in the morning, behold there came five Milkmaids forth to milk the Kine that were grazing in the adjoyning pastures; when the Gyants saw them all in white with Milkpails on their heads, they admir'd at the strangeness of their Head-gear; For were they Mortals, quoth they, they would not approach as they do, but seeing us, would certainly be affrighted at our shapes: Hereupon the Gyant Credo went down to meet them, and when he came near, he said unto them, with a stern countenance, Are yee spirits of the North, or of the South, or are ye spirits of the lower Regions, or spirits of the Spheare? If ye be such, think you that we who are now going to revenge our selves upon the Gods, will let you escape, who are but their Ministers? with that he gave one of the Milkmaids such a blow on her Pail, as made her Pail and her Head come almost to the ground together; which when the rest espy'd they threw down their Milk-pails with great indignation, and fell upon the Gyant with such a fury, that he not being able to

resist their strong Violence, was forced to yield, while they drag'd him to the ground by the hair of the head: being in this plight, he began to call and cry; but 'twas well if the rest of the Gyants had enough of courage to see him; for they durst not stir one inch to his assistance. Villain that thou art, Quoth one of the Amazon Virgins, I'le teach thee to hurt Jane, and with that she gave him a claw that plow'd up his Face from ear to ear. Nay, quoth another, for the honour of Saint George let's cross him; and so she made a furrow from his Chin to his Forehead; One would have cut off his Gingum bobs, but that fear made him smell so strong, that they were forc'd to quit him. Which blessed time being come, with a countenance full of the effects of a sad conquest he went to his fellow-Gyants, who partly affrighted at the direful mortifications of his Visage, partly seeing the Milk-wenches advance, and considering that they should never be able to conquer the Gods, who were beaten onely by two or three Knights, as to them the Milk-wenches seemed to be, they took up their Heels, and with no small diligence, ran away, leading their intended Design to any bodyelse that durst undertake it.

CHAP. XXI.

How the *Loyal Knight* enter'd *Londinum*, and what hapned thereupon.

NOt long agoe we left the Loyal Knight in the Country of Scotia, devising with his Company concerning the welfare of the Countrey of Britain. He at length seeing the Forces of Sir Lambert dissipated by the power of the forty Tyrants rode toward the City of Londinum, meeting many Knights by the way that followed the King, whom he still directed in their course, who made to him report of the dealings of the forty Tyrants at Londinum: When he enter'd into the City of Londinum, he caused Don Lamberto to be cast into prison; but long had he not been there, but he made his escape, thinking to have gathered his Forces together again, and to have encountred the Loyal Knight; but being hardly pursued, he was again retaken, and again committed to the care of the

Knight

ſtory, leaving Don Slaolfolko to bewail his misfortunes himſelf. Now you muſt know, or elſe you know nothing at all, that the Sér Liſle was that curſed man that had the curſed miſhap to fall into the gripes of this accurſed and cruel Fortune. But mark ye right well what I ſhall ſay, he may thank himſelf for it; For when he came to thoſe years, which are peleped years of diſcretion, he began to feel in his little pocket, but found therein no money; Then quoth he, O my accurſed Stars, why ſuffer ye this evil for to befall me? Then there aroſe a thing out of the Earth like a great Sea horſe, with long hair as black as Charcoal, at the ſight whereof he fell flat on his back to the ground, and as he lay along, the ſpirit walked and walked over him, and at length piſs'd in his face; after which it ſpoke, unto him in this phraſe;

The Tears of the Lady, and Blood of her Lord,
Shall unto thee great riches afford.

The Sér ponder'd this ſaying in his mind, and laid it up in his breſt as charily as a Country Gentlewoman keeps her Jewels; long look'd he for this time. O when will it be, quoth he, that I ſhall increaſe this my ſmall pittance, which with ſo covetous and ſparing a hand Fortune hath meaſur'd me out? when ſhall I dine with a dozen diſhes of meat, and look pleaſantly to ſee my Conſort carve up the ſecond and third courſe? when ſhall Honour attend me, and the reſpect of the people wait upon the train of my Gown? Theſe are the things I gaped for, and to obtain, what would I not do? I think there is nothing that I would not do; ſtay, let me examine my ſelf. Could I renounce the Religion of my Country? A Peccadillo, a poor pitiful Peccadillo; Could I perjure my ſelf? Yes, I think I could, nay I am ſure I could. Could I diſpence with the murdring of one or two, or two or three, or forty or fifty, or ſo? not by way of Duel, for I am none of your hardy Knights, but as a Judge I could, which is both ſafe and honourable.

Theſe his reſolves were not long undiſcovered to the ſubtil ſearchers into the diſpoſitions of men, of which the chief Soldan of Britain, and the forty Tyrants had then good ſtore;

Now mark ye, there is nothing more lucky in the world than for a man to be horsed and spurr'd, and to have nothing to do, but to get up and ride upon an occasion, when it offers it self; Even so it fell out with our Séer. For the Soldan, whose intention it was to extirpate all the Nobles of Britain, that were friends to the lawful King of Britain, had framed sundry and several grievous accusations of hainous crimes and offences against them, that so he might bereave them of their estates and of their lives at once. Now lest the people of Brittain should think that he did any thing contrary to the Lawes which were used in that Realme, he devised with himself to erect a Tribunal in imitation of a Court of true Justice; which when he had brought to passe, yet still he wanted one who would undertake to sit as chief Judge, and to pronounce the direfull Sentence of untimely Death upon such innocent Knights whose hard mishap it was to be sacrific'd to his wrath and fiery indignation. Then the Soldan of Britain casting about, and revolving in himself where he might find a fit instrument to perform that office, he was at length informed of the Séer Lisle; wherefore he immediately caused him to be sent for, to appear before him: who incontinently made his addresse unto him, and that with so much readiness, that for hast he put on both his stockings the wrong side outward; which mark of obedience and willingnesse the Soudan was right glad to see. Gentle *Lisle*, quoth he, thou canst not be ignorant, how that I have many a right worthy Knight, who are professed enemies to my greatnesse now within my power, which I must cause to be put to death, that so I may be secur'd in my great Dominions; Now so it is, that I have chosen thee to be their *Condemnator*. Then the Séer Lisle made him three great bowes, and seven congies and a half, promising him faithfully to do effectually whatever he commanded: For quoth he, Great Soldan thy behests are just, therefore have I forsaken the God of the Christians, to serve the God whom thou serv'st, and to submit to thee in all things: for who is like unto thee among all the Princes in the World. Thereupon he was without delay cloathed in Scarlet, and a Throne was provided for him where he might sit in majesty to exercise cruelty as he pleased upon

upon the distressed Christians; and indeed so dextrous was he and lordly in his office, that few or none of the Christians escaped his bloody sentences. Wherefore the Soldan was right glad, and it pleased him to see that the Seer was so faithful unto him; Therefore he gave unto him the Lands and Palaces of the Christian Princes, so that the Seer lived right illustriously, his heart being at ease, and wallowing in plenty. But as after Winter commeth Summer, and after Summer cometh Winter; again, as after fair weather cometh foul, and after foul fair, so after the long tranquility which our Seer enjoy'd, ensued the boystrous storms of heart-killing sorrow: for he that before look'd big and haughty, and sate upon high places, where all men might view him, yet feared not the paw of the Bayliff, nor the fury of the Soldans Janisaries, is now not to be seen by any, skulking sometimes in Ovens, sometimes under the coats of Harlots, sometimes in old Trunks, sometimes like Diogenes living in Tubs, yet no where in security, but still affrighted with continual fears; which kind of life, through the excesse of trouble and discontent that was in it, growing irksome unto the Seer Lisle, he bethought himself how he might escape out of the Land of Britain into some other Country. But quoth he, into what Country shall I go? Shall I go into *Swedland*? no: why? first and formost because in that place the Winters are long, and the Summers are short. Secondly, because the Summers are short, and the Winters are long. Thirdly and lastly because it is an unfortunate Country, and they can never keep what they get, which is too much my own condition. As for *France* and *Spain* they be Kingdomes, which are no places for me: for even as the Stork delighteth in Common-wealths, even so do I. No, I will go into *Ægypt*, for that is a pleasant Country, and because the people of that Country be of my own Religion, and there lived the Jewes, of whose number was *Athan*, from whom I am lineally descended by the Fathers side: and though there be no Kings, yet there be Tyrants, who are men after my own heart; And I will go into *Ægypt* because of the Red-Sea, for ye must know that I have been bred up near Red seas most part of my life, and was a maker of Red seas my self; Therefore as it is the nature of Ducks, Teal, and Mallard to frequent

the shores of great Rivers, as also of the Ocean, and as it is the nature of the *Soland* Geese to build about the impregnable Island of the *Bass*, so doth it agree with my desire to inhabit near the Red-sea.

CHAP. II.

Yet of the Seer *Liste*, and of other things.

When he had thus fortified his mind with the Barricado's of Constancy, and Rampires of Resolution, so that it was impossible to force it with the Morter-pieces of Perswasion; he then bethought himself which might be the best way to conceal himself in his flight. Hereupon he entred into a very great Consultation and Debate concerning what was to be done with the Sable-brow'd-Inchantresse, and other of his Friends; some were of opinion, that he should wrap himself in a Lyons skin, and so walk to the sea-shore upon all four; But this enterprize was left off, because that after they had tryed the Sage three or four times, they found him very insufficient to roar, of which there was an exceeding great necessity, if the Countrey people should come too near to view or handle him as he went along. But there was nothing that pleas'd him so well as the way which last of all he devised with himself, which was to put on a Periwig and a Beard of Camels hair, for quoth he, a Camel is a Beast that beareth great burthens, and I bear a great burthen of woe and misery, and therefore since I must carry this great burthen, it is fit that I should be as like a Camel as I may. Then did the *S*able-browd-Inchantress send away incontinently three spirits Rimbombo, Nachor, and Rantantamboro into Arabia, to fetch away the tails of 4 Camels, who went and came in less then a quarter of an hour, for they went as if the Devil had drove um, which is 10000. mile in a minute. When the *S*able-brow'd-Enchantress had the Camels tails in her possession; then did she with wonderful Art frame thereof a certain large Periwig, the locks whereof reached down to his middle, and it was very graceful and comely to behold. Now when the Sage had put it on, he and the Enchantress communed together in this wise. Quoth he, Most renowned

Mariana,

Mariana, for so was the *Sable-brow'd Inchantress* nam'd, who do I now look like? for certes it cannot be that I should be taken for whom I am indeed. No quoth she, my most worthy Seer; It is for thy sake that I have run my self into very great hazzards, nor would I by any means that after all the pain which I have taken, that thy face should be no whit alter'd; But be thou assured that the Gods have prospered my undertakings, for thou lookest not like thy self, but thou lookest even like *Hector* of *Troy*; Most assuredly I could but fitly have chang'd thee into a Swine, but I thought it better that thou should'st look rather like *Hector* than a Hog. Most courteous Inchantress, replyed the Seer, I can never enough celebrate your most high and more then humane Art, especially in the curling of my Periwig, which is done with so much art, that I never saw the like in all my life. Gentle Seer, replyed the Enchantresse, know right well, that so great is the respect which I bear unto thee, both in respect of the kindnesse which I have received from thee, and which thou hast afforded unto my Damsels, that I would not thou should'st want any assistance that I can afford thee. Therefore now I call it to mind, there is one *Gyges*, who is in great esteem with the famous Sir *Plutus* Knight of the Infernal shades, who hath a Ring the vertue whereof is such, that he who ever wears the same shall walk invisible: That, quoth the Seer, would be of great advantage unto me, and I would when I had made use of it, return it unto *Sir Gyges* with all possible speed, and the choicest of my courteous thanks. Hereupon Rombombo, Nachor, and Rantantamboro were again dispatch'd unto Sir Gyges, to desire him in the name of the Sable-brow'd Inchantress, that he would in courtesie lend her his Ring, the which had such excellent vertue, that she might pleasure a distressed Knight, who was one of her Friends, who had great occasion thereof. Sir Gyges replied that he was alwayes courteous unto distressed Knights, and had no less respect to the Sable-brow'd Enchantress, so that he was right sorry that he could not do as she desired, for that he had lost the Ring that she sent for most unfortunately; for having left it off one morning, when he went to wash his hands, the Damsel of the Castle swept it away, and

throw it among the rubbish out of the Castle Gates. When the Sage Lisle and the Inchantress heard this, they were right sorry, and were ready to weep for the anguish that fell upon their Spirits. But quoth the Sable-brow'd-Inchantress, since I cannot have that, I will try my Spels for another. So she prepared all things in a readiness, and first she drew a large long Circle, which was the strangest that ever was seen. In the midst of this Circle they placed a Bed, the which had never been lain in before, into which the Sage Lisle was commanded to enter, and put himself naked between the Sheets. Then the Inchantress sitting down upon the Bed side, uttered several Charms in the Slavonian language, at the end whereof there arose from the four corners of the wind, four black Horses with Spirits on their backs, in the shape of Monkeys, who demanded of the Inchantress what was her pleasure? who presently commanded them to fetch unto her one of the Nimphs of the Hesperian Orchard; who presently hurried away with such a Tempest as made the Earth to shake like an Aspin leaf, at the noise whereof the Mountains hop'd and danced up and down, making a noise like the chopping of Pot-herbs: but they appeared again in the twinkling of an eye, together with the Damsel, who seemed unto the eye as plump as a Partridge, and as ruddy as a Queen Apple. Being come, the Inchantress caused her to be laid in the Bed, by the side of the Sage Lisle, then drawing the Curtains, and telling the Sier, that if he us'd the fair Virgin well, that he should have his hearts desire, she departed out of the Room. Now when the Sier and the Virgin were alone in Bed together, they enjoyed one the other all that night in a most pleasant wise, so that the fair Philothea, for so was the Virgin cleped, having received great content from the Sier Lisle; quoth she, I am the happiest person in the world, for I thought when I dyed, that I should have lost all the pleasures of this earth, but thou hast given me new satisfaction, when I thought I should never have enjoyed the sweet solace of a man more. For to tell thee truth, right worthy Sier, I am the Soul of a Poulterers Wife, who when my Husband broke, was preserved by the Charity of such Knights as frequented this Castle, to which I was daily invited by the

In-

Inchantress, how I came hither again, I know not, however I have reason to give thée thanks for the marvellous courtesies which thou hast afforded to me this night, So pulling off a Ring which she wore upon her thumb, she gave it him, desiring him to accept it as a token of her love, and having so said, she immediately vanisht out of his sight. When he had thus obtain'd the Ring, he found there was one thing more which would be a great hindrance unto him, which was the tediousnesse of the Journey, by reason of certain great Corns which he had upon his feet; wherefore calling unto him again Dame Mariana, the Black-brow'd Inchantress, they thereupon entered into new debates, and at length she resolved to make him a flying Charriot. It was made of the Cawle of a Sea Mare four months gone, which she caus'd to be kill'd in the night, three minutes past the sixth hour, the Sun entering into the Orientall Nadir, for being taken from the Sea Mare at that nick of time, though it were as light as a feather, it became as hard as steel. The frame thereof was like a Sedan, the Poles thereof were smaller than the smallest Needles. Now the Inchantresse having prepared all things ready, took the Séer and put him into the Charriot, together with a Bottle of Annised-water, and four Tavern Bishets; then she embraced and kissed the Séer, and hug'd him, giving unto him a Bird-Call, telling him that he should soon find the vertue thereof, and bidding him withall be sure that he never left whistling till he came into Ægypt. And indéed so cunningly had she charmed this Bird-Call, that as soon as the Séer began to whistle, there came four Ostriches, which placing themselves under the four Poles of the Charriot, spread their wings, and being mounted high into the Air, steered their course directly to the Land of King Pharaoh. The Inchantress with heavy sorrow look'd after him, till the noise of other Knights knocking at her Castle Gate called her to look after her other affairs.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

How the Gyant *Husonio* went to seek a Den and a Mountain, and what happened thereupon.

NAy by my faith quoth the Gyant Husonio, for I must not tarry any longer in the Land of Brittain, seeing that the inchanted Castles are all pull'd down, and the Sun-defying Fortests are all rooted up by the forty Tyrants. Oh this Brittain has been an old Swinger of Gyants; for there were Gyants that inhabited therein of yore, but there came a people out of the East, who did so lam-baste their great sides, that they were enforced to leave their Habitations: Certes-even so is it now with me. When he had uttered these speeches he called for an Astrologer and a Book of Mapps.

Then quoth he unto the Astrologer, where is the greatest Mountain in the World, and where may I be most likely to find a Den? The Astrologer forthwith reply'd that men of his Profession did not look after Mountains in this World; but if he would go into the World of the Moon, he could shew him Mountains enough, with Dens ready furnished, with Turky Chairs and Couches of right curious Workmanship. When the Gyant Husonio heard that, he waxed exceeding wroth, and took the Astrologer upon the palm of his hand, and thrust him into his mouth, as you would put a brown Loaf into an Oven, with a Peel. Quoth he to the Sieur Astrologer, either find me out a better Mountain and a Den, or tarry there, for till that time thou shalt have no other Study but this: and therefore sit thee down upon one of the stumps of my teeth, and consider of it. Now you must know that the Astrologer being so near his ears, could not chuse but put many things therein: Among the rest he put thereinto a certain great and puissant Flea: Hoh quoth th Gyant, what's that? It is replyed the Astrologer, the Spirit Pintabor, who is to conduct thee in thy Roads and in thy Journeys. When he heard that he was well pleas'd, for he was right well contented therewith, although many times it tickled him full sore. But it now was high time for the Gyant to take up his Pack, for that he was informed of the hot pursuit

ſuit which the Loyal Knight made after him, whom he dreaded more than the Dove doth the Eagle. Wherefore the Gyant incontinently took his Club, and thruſt it into a Ring which was as big about as a Charriot Wheel, whereunto was faſtened a Cloak-bag, which was near a quarter of a mile about, and a quarter of a mile in length; for it was as thick as it was long, and as long as it was thick; when he had ſo done, he laid his Club upon his ſhoulder, and his Pack hung behind like a Hare upon a Hunters Staffe; Then putting one legge before another, he began his Journey, praying for a good ſucceſſe all the way as he went unto the Spirit Pipantabor, in this manner.

O thou mighty *Pipantabor*, who dwelleſt in the ear of a great Gyant, yet feareſt not the quagmires of wax which are therein, hearken unto my words, and liſten to my ſayings, as a Chambermaid liſtens to hear the private diſcourſe of her Maſter and Miſtriſs. If thou ſay'ſt thou doeſt not hear me, thou lieſt, neither art thou the mighty *Pipantabor*; And if thou ſay'ſt I cannot hear thee, thou lieſt yet more, for art not thou locally in my ear, and cloſe by the *Timpamnci* thereof, which by reverberation, communicateth ſounds unto the brain? Therefore thou muſt and ſhalt hear me: But what would I have thee do? Why I would have thee to ſhew me a Mountain and a Den; yea I ſay unto thee, ſhew me a Mountain and a Den, where the *Loyal Knight* may not find me out, and I ſhall ſacrifice unto thee for thy pains, an Hecatomb of black liſted Lice, well fatted with humane Blood. If thou doſt not, thou art neither civil nor courteous, for what Gueſt will not be kind to his Hoaſt, who hath entertained him, and given him harbour, as I have done unto thee.

Having uttered theſe words, he came unto the Sea, the which he waded through, though in many places thereof it was a full Inch above his Chin: Neither was it altogether without Impediment, as ye ſhall hear eftſoones. For ye muſt know that he could not wade over ſo ſuddenly, but that there befel him a certain accident, the which was this. Neptune and his Wife Thetis, having bèen at ſupper with King Æolus, were coming home late, attended by many Tritons and Mermaids of Honour: when by the multitude of the Torches that attended

them, they discovered the Gyant, which was to them an unusual sight; seeing such a monstrous Gyant, with such a monstrous Cloak-bag at his back. Certainly quoth Neptune unto Thetis our House is rob'd; Then Thetis also espying him, cry'd out, O quoth she my best Bason and Ewer, what shall I do for it. Neptune seeing his Wife so much concern'd, thought it no time to dally; therefore out of the Charriot he comes; Which when the Gyant Husonio beheld, and saw also by the looks of him that he was plaguy mad, he resolved to take what advantage he could, and therefore squeezing his Hypochondrions, he let such a Fart as blew out all the Torches, then taking his Cloak-bag in his right hand, and his Club in his left, he put himself into a posture of defence. The Fart as it was great, so it was strong, and the scent thereof so much offended the Nose of Thetis, that she was not able to endure it; O come away Neptune quoth she, and do not poyson thy self and me too: Let my Bason and Ewer go to the Devil, so as I may but get out of this stink, I care not. Neptune, unto whom Thetis was alwayes dear, would not displease her, but retired; yet in his retreat resolving to have one blow, struck at randome; Now you must know that Neptunes Mace lighted upon the Head-piece of Husonio, which was of Steel, with so much violence, that through the force thereof, sparkles of fire issued forth of his said Helmet; The which lighting upon some of the Torches that were next, set them on a flame; When the Torches were lighted, Neptune could not hold, he being also inflam'd like his Torches, with a desire his Thetis should see him fight, wherefore he dings again to the Gyant with mighty fierceness, and boldly in the words of Sir Lancelot thus bespeaks him,

Lay down thy Load Sir Gyant though.

But to this Husonio made answer,

My Load's mine own, my Answer's no.

And saying those words, for he feared the multitude that was about him, he sank into the Sea, and letting another most formidable

mirable Fact, he blew the Sea up in such a manner, that there was a leagues distance from the bottom of the Sea, and bottom of the waters; whereby it came to passe, that the Gyant walked under the Sea as dry as if it had bin in his own Dining-room, and so escaped Neptunes fury, until he came unto the Strond of Normania. Right happy was it that this strange adventure fell out; for the people that dwelt near the Sea shore, during this separation which continued twenty four hours, so violent was the force, that was the occasion thereof; greatly enriched themselves with the spoils of wracked ships, which had bin heaped up by Neptune and his Tritons for their own use many ages before.

I need not tell you how the Gyant Hulonio made himself a fire when he came on shore, for what need he make him a fire to dry himself, who walked so dry as he did through the Sea; yet others say he did make a fire, but it was not to dry himself, but to parboyl his supper; which as soon as he came on shore, without much meditation he went to provide. Quoth he, I can do no more mischief in my own Country, therefore I will do it in another: And upon these words he went and cut down a whole Forrest, without considering in the least who was the Landlord, or whether the Landlord held it only for Life or in Fee. Nor was it long ere opportunity put meat into his mouth, as I shall prepare to tell you. There was a certain great Town some leagues distant from the place where the Gyant Hulonio had made his great fire, thither two men and a Boy were driving a numerous herd of large Oxen; The Gyant seeing them coming laugh'd for joy; and when they approached near, he took the said Oxen one by one, and swallow'd them down whole, and when he had swallow'd them all, he took the two men and the Boy, and swallowd them also; for quoth he these Knaves may chance to go and raise the Country. When he had swallow'd all the said Oxen, he found his stomack indifferent full, which caused in him a desire to rest his bones, which desire caused him to lay himself all along before the said fire; He had not lain there long, but he fell into a deep sleep, which being perceived by one of the men that he had swallow'd, by the terrible snoaring that he made, the man not unwilling to miss so notable an opportunity crept out at his

mouth, and seeing him so fast asleep, he went in again, and told his fellows thereof, urging the benefit of the occasion, with such a pithy and well ordered speech, he so wrought upon his Companions, that they arose, and with great secresie drove the Cattel toward his mouth, but coming to his teeth, they found them so close shut, that it was not possible to open them without waking the Gyant, wherefore they were sore afflicted: But what will not the invention of man do, when it is in a streight: for seeing themselves stopp'd here, they bethought themselves that the Gyant had another hole, through which they hop'd to passe more securely, because it was not so near his ears; whereupon they drove the Oxen back again, and searching they found the back passage without any barricado's at all, so that with great content they at length got clear of their prison; when they were got lose they were as merry as Crickets, but the Gyant awaking, quoth he, what a huge stool have I had, but it was well I had it, for certes at the middle of the night the Oxen began to rise plaguily in my stomack.

CHAP. IV.

How Sir *Vane* and Sir *Lambert* disputed together, and how Sir *Vane* made Sir *Lambert* believe that the Moon was made of green Cheese.

NOw you must understand that after the Knight of the Golden Tulip was retaken, through the great Courage of the Knight of the Bath, he was secured in the Castle of the Lyons, and eke the Knight of the Mysterious Allegories was there secured also, so that they had often opportunities to discourse together. Now when they saw each, they congratulated one another right lovingly; Quoth Sir Vane, I am right glad to see you Sir Lambert, though not so glad to see you here, however it is better to be here than in the open Fields, where there is no shelter against the Rain, nor any other kind of storm that should happen, for here we have Houses over our heads, so that if it should rain Dogs and Cats, we could have no harm. And by the Masse quoth Sir Lambert you speak right cunningly Sir Vane; And besides this, we do not fear to have our Corns

trod

trod upon by the Horſes of the enraged Charrioters, nor are we in danger to be bruiſed by thoſe ſturdy Gyants ycleped Carrmen, nor need we fear to have our Mantlets ſnatch'd from us going late in the direful plain of Lincolns-Inna; However Liberty is worth its weight in pure Gold. If that be all, replied Sir Vane, comfort thy ſelf Sir Lambert; for this reſtraint which is put upon us, ought to make us eſtéem the better of our ſelves: For experience tells us that have lived long in the World, how that men lock up their choiceſt Jewels in the moſt ſecure places of their Houſes, And you ſée that though at firſt the Nightingal be moody, yet eftſoones will ſhe ſing in her Cage as pleaſantly as in the open Air; And I pray what is the Body, but the priſon of the Soul: and yet our Souls fear nothing more than to be ſet at liberty. Then ſaid Sir Lambert to Sir Vane, ſince that we are here met, ſo fortunately together, I entreat you to accept of a ſmall entertainment from me this night, for that I have many things concerning which to confer with you; Moſt willingly, replied Sir Vane, for that your company is right pleaſing unto me. When Supper was brought in, they commanded their Servants to depart, for that they intended to be very private. Then quoth Sir Lambert, moſt renowned Knight of the Myſterious Allegories, methinks that we being Knights, ſhould not be here without our Ladies: though as for mine, I might have the ſame Opinion of her as Helion had of the fair Conſtantia, becauſe of the reported familiarity which was betwéen her and the Soldan of Brittain. As for that replied Sir Vane, I will ſhew thée many examples of Ladies, whoſe fame hath bén blaſted; which yet before the end of the ſtring have made a ſhift to rectifie the miſtakes betwéen their Knights and them. But quoth Sir Lambert, ſuppoſe that may not be, but that the error be committed, can that be ſaid to concern me any way, which was never any pain to me in the World, and of which never any part of my body was ſenſible. Then replied the Knight of the Myſterious Allegories Cuckoldry is a very great myſtery, and every man underſtands it not, for true it is, that though you be at Gran Cairo, and your Wife be in any part of the Land of Brittain, yet at that very moment of time that ſhe admitteth a ſtranger to copulate with

ber, shall the invisible Horn find shelter under the thicket of your Fore-top. That quoth Sir Lambert full hardly can I believe, for that you may as well make me believe the Moon is made of green Cheese. Certes, replied Sir Vane, you are very ignorant, for the thing by which you seem to prove the impossibility of what I averre, is the greatest Argument of the truth thereof. Why quoth Sir Lambert, is the Moon then made of green Cheese? then will I be hang'd. Mark yée, quoth Sir Vane how you confound your self, and how I shall use your own Arguments against you, for if it be not, then will I be hang'd. But have you no other Argument replied Sir Lambert? Most surely replied Sir Vane; First because I have said it, whose wisdome by which you have so long been govern'd, would receive no small affront, and your self not a little disparage your self, should you not believe me in this thing as well as in others, Then proceeded Sir Vane, saying, Know yée then right well Sir Lambert, that in Metaphysicks the Notional difference makes a clear distinction, as falling into an incapacitated sence of the objected Medium. As for example, I say the Moon is made of green Cheese; For green metaphysically distinguished is white, by reason of the objected Medium, which is the blew Air; For if you look upon green through a blew Glasse, then it will appear —— Hereupon Sir Lambert interrupting him, said unto him, what! thou wilt by and by make me believe the Moon is made of blew Cheese. No replied Sir Vane, for I am no Thangling, though the Moon be one; I say the Moon is made of green Cheese. For mark yée what I shall say; Behold your Virgins afflicted with the green Sickneſſe, they are said to look green, when they are in verity white; We call Geese green, yet who is such a Goose as doth not perceive them to be many times grey; Meat is said to be green rosted, when it is all over red with blood: And all the World that knows what green Fish is, knows it to be white. And thus the Moon being either red, grey, or white, may properly be said to be green; Now that it is a Cheese, the Allegorical Configuration of the Supernatural Ideas doth make manifest: For you see how that a Cheese in its Spherical rotundity waines and waines, till it come to be all eaten, and then presently appears a new Cheese;

Even

Even so you see it is with the Moon, which when it is at its smallest decrease, that is all eaten up by the Gods, then comes a new Moon. Moreover do you not see holes in a Cheese: and did not the Negromancer Galileo discry Holes and Concavities in the Moon. When Sir Lambert heard this, he twisted his Mustachio's with his fore-finger and thumb, listning unto the words of Sir Vane like unto a Sow in the Beans: But quoth he, Sir Vane, for all this you tell a strange story, certes I know not how to believe it. When Sir Vane heard that, he waxed wroth, and sware by his Gods, that unlesse he would believe that the Moon was made of green Cheese he would not give his Daughter unto his Son. Sir Lambert was much appall'd thereat, and incontinently alter'd his Opinion, saying that if he would swear it, he would believe it. Then Sir Vane putting the top of his little Finger upon the top of his Nose, sware in this following manner.

I Henry Vane, Knight of the Order of the *Mysterious Allegories*, do swear by the Smock of *Dejanira*, that the Moon is made of green Cheese, and if it be a lye the Devil confound me.

Then Sir Lambert putting his Fore-finger in his Tayl, sware as followeth.

I Sir *Lambert* the valiant Knight of the *Golden Tulip*, swear by the Beard of *Hercules*; that both directly and indirectly, I do believe that the Moon is made of green Cheese, and that it is agreeable to the litteral sence of Allegorical Conclusions.

When they had both sworn in this manner, they shook hands in most friendly manner, and Sir Vane being mightily puft in his mind for so great a Conquest, went to Bed.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

How *Sir Baxtero* Knight of the Lions, went in queſt after *Sir Ludlow*, Knight of the Powdring-Tub, and how he encountred the Gyant *Thomabedlamus*, and how he prevented the luſt of the ſaid Gyant, and afterwards departed towards *Aſſyria*.

NOw it fell out that Sir Baxtero having heard how that Sir Ludlow was departed out of Brittain, he made great lamentation and moaning; there he that ſay how he wept even like a young Damoſel, who being ſent to the Alehouſe, looſes her mony by the way. O quoth he, is Sir Ludlow departed? then what do I make here? Surely it is to no more purpoſe for me to ſtay here, than for an Aſtrologer to live in an Oven; Alas if he do flie the encounter of thoſe Knights that are in purſuit of him who is as valiant as Hector, how is it poſſible for me to encounter them, who am ſo much inferiour to him? Now by all the Gods, I am like a man in a Wood, like a man in a Miſt, yea in a thick Miſt, like a man in a Forreſt, yea like a man in a thick Forreſt. Farewel great mirrour of Chivalry; now do not I know whither to go after him, neither is there any one that can tell me: for ſhould he be gone to the South, and I ſhould go to the Eaſt, what were I the nearer? Therefore great Fortune be thou my guide, and direct my ſtick to fall the right way, for I do intend to go that way my ſtick falls. Then greatly perplexed in his ſoul, he ſet up his ſtaffe, and it fell toward the South-Eaſt; Then did he incontinently buckle on his Helmet, and beſtriding his ſturdy Courſer, who was poleped Stanfurder, he pricked forward toward the Sea-coaſt. Now was glittering Phœbus riding with a ſwift carear through the midſt of Heaven, cauſing the hand of the Dyal to point to that hour of the day when men in Towns and Cities prepare to ſatisfie their hunger, when the Knight of the Lyons, weary with long travel, laid him down under the ſhadow of a ſpreading Oak, nor was it long ere the cares of his mind hung plummets upon his eye-lids, which were clos'd thereby ſo cloſe together that you could not thruſt the point of a needle between them,

them, by which you may guesse that he was fast asleep. But Fortune that intended nothing lesse than to let him sleep, was resolved to awaken him, for loe, the Gyant Thomabedlamus full of high soaring thoughts, set his bugle to the corner of his mouth, and blew such a blast, as if all the Bulls of Basan had been roaring together; all the Trees in the Forest shook for fear, and bow'd their lofty heads as they are wont to do when blustering Boreas comes in the Devils name among them to gather Acornes. Now you must know this, or else you know nothing, that the fair Damosel, ycleped Tatterdemalliona, was fled from the rage of the cruel wight her Father, who had as she said, and the story doth also averre, sent her to pick Daisies, for that she had yielded up her Maiden-head too inconsiderately to Kilmaddox the Knight of the Bloody Cleaver: Long had she wandered, so that her feet look'd like clarifi'd Whey, and she panted like a broken-winded horse, clambring up the King Ludd's Mountain: Sometimes as she sate, she pick'd the gravel out of her feet, for the Author of the History saith, that she was very sore by reason of the same; sometimes she was in chase of certain evil creatures, ycleped Fleas, that did delacerate her snowy bosome, which caused those Ivory Mountains to be displayed unto the view of burning Phœbus, so that whoever was neer her, might discern the beauty of her nakedness, and the nakedness of her beauty, without the Prospective Glass of Tychobrache. Now you must know that the Gyant Thomabedlamus as he was leaning over a high Oak into the green platt, whereas the distressed Damosel sate, espy'd her in this condition and posture: now wot yee well when he saw her, that he was in a great Agony, for his goggle eyes roll'd up and down, and the drivil ran down his Beard for joy, for that the Lady was passing beautious; but he did not study to woe her with Love-verses, neither did he sigh for sorrow, neither did he beat his breast, or make complaints of her disdain; for said he to himself, is not this Forrest mine, and all that is therein? Then who shall give me any disturbance? Seeing that there is no Knight so hardy, who dares approach these enchanted Shades, I will enjoy this Damosel as many times as there be leaves in this Forrest, for that she pleaseth me wondrous well; Then the

Gyant rushed in unto her, and said, Hail fair Damosel, if thou wilt yield unto me, I will do thée no harm; when as she beheld so great a Gyant, she squeaked right extemporately, and made such a loud Yell, as she had been a young Greyhound ty'd up in her Kennel. Then the Gyant bespake her, saying, Squeak not fair Damosel so loud, for thou squeakest in vain. Alas quoth she, Sir Gyant, it is time for me to squeak, when thou seekest to croppe my Virgin flower; Then quoth the Gyant, tell me not of thy Virgin-flower, What signifieth thy flower, or thy Virgin flower to me? We Gyants never tooliver them at all. When the Damosel heard him speak so terribly, the blood forsook her pale cheeks, and though her feet were so sore, as we told you before, yet she assay'd to run away, but the Gyant catching her about the waste, laid his great paw upon her Coyral Lipps, and stopp'd her Mouth, beginning to deal with her as men deal with Curtezans at Venice. The Damosel finding her mouth stopp'd, made a noise like a Pig that is grasp'd about the Snout. Now you must know that the Knight of the Lyons, being as we said, awakened out of his sleep, heard the noise which came out of the Damosels Nose, her mouth being stopt, at which he greatly marvelled, for he wondered what it should be; Peeping therefore through the bushes, he saw the Gyant and the Damosel together, and how the Gyant tumbled the Damosel, as Children tumble great Snow-balls in the streets. Ah quoth the Knight of the Lyons, certes this fair Damosel must needs be in a peck of troubles, but how to relieve her I cannot tell; for if I should assay to strappe his Jacket, and he should curry my Coat, then were the Damosel and I both in a worse condition than before. However great pity it is that she should suffer, and great shame for me to let her. And having said these words, he rushed in upon the Gyant, and ere that he could be aware of him, and as the story saith, while he was at rem in re, he gave him such a remembrance upon the small of the back, that had he not been a Gyant, most certainly he had broken his Chine. The Gyant was hereupon in great wroth; Could you blame him? but finding himself so weak by reason of the stroak, that he could not go, he spatt at the Knight of the Lyons, and spatt so violently in his face, that he had almost

beaten

beaten the Knight of the Lyons backward: But the Knight of the Lyons recovering himself, saw how that his Tassel gentle lay like a bridge between his belly and the fair Damosel, wherefore without delay, with a courage Monsieur, he smote thereon so hardily, that he cut it in twain, as it had been a silken thread, and the sword glancing along, took away also one half of his Testicles, as you would slit a Walnut in twain, the pain thereof made the Gyant Thomabedlamus to roar like any Lyon. Ay me, quoth he, hard hearted Girl, now by all the Gods I do curse thee from the bottom of my heart to the bottomless pit of the infernal shades. When the Knight of the Lyons had performed this adventure, he departed toward the Land of Assyria, but because he was hard pursu'd by the Loyal Knight, he changed his upper garments to Palmers grey, the best means to passe without molestation.

CHAP. VI.

How Sir *Ludlojus* Knight of the *Green Powdring Tub*, was hid under a Tree, and so escaped his enemies, because of a Bird.

AND it fell on a day, how that Sir Ludlojus Knight of the green Powdring Tub, was riding all alone toward the Land of Assyria, which being heard at the Court of the King of Britain, several Knights were sent to pursue him, and take him; and certes they pursues him right sorely, for he was much hated by them; but when the Knight of the green Powdring Tub saw them coming, his heart was almost drowned in fear, and his lungs had e'ne forgot to what purpose they were made. Alas quoth he unfortunate Knight, what wilt thou do? If thou runnest for it, thou wilt certainly be overtaken, and wilt onely give thy enemies, the mirth of a pleasant Chase. And why should'st thou hazard thy life by staying, which kind Fortune may save? Then seeing no other remedy, he cast himself from his horse, and peeping about, he espy'd a Bush, and crept thereinto, for the Wood was very thick there. Now when his enemies came to seek him there, they could not find him, but they saw a Bird sit on a Tree, the which Bird men

call an Owl, and then said they that there was no man, for the Bird sate there; and so they went away. So when sable night had curtain'd the world in darkneſſe, he proceeded on his journey, and from that time unto this day, it is said that Sir Ludlojus hath that Bird in great reverence, and worships it above all other Birds in the world.

CHAP. VII.

How the Gyant *Okey* wandered up and down the world in great terror, and how he was afterwards found in a Wood by the Soldan of *Brittain*'s Daughter, in whose presence he slew himself, with other accidents that after happened.

YOu do well remember that when the Christian Champions had discomfited the Host of the mæk Knight, as also of the forty Tyrants, that the disloyal Gyant Okey secretly fled, partly out of anger for the loss, partly for the preservation of his life. So in great grief and terrour of Conscience he wandered like a fugitive up and down the world, sometimes remembring of his past prosperity, and sometimes thinking upon the Rapes that he had committed, and how he had sorely afflicted several Knights who were thrown into his power by the Necromancer Hugo Petros. Sometimes his guilty mind imagined that the bleeding Ghost of the good King of Britain, whom he had murdered, followed him up and down, haunting him with fearful exclamations, and filling each corner of the earth with clamors of revengement. Such fear and terrour raged in his soul, that he thought all places where he travelled, were filled with multitudes of Knights, and that the strength of Countries pursued him, to heap vengeance upon his guilty head for those wrongs that he had wrought, whereby he cursed the hour of his birth, and blamed the cause of his creation, wishing the Fates to consume his body with a flash of fire. In this manner he travelled up and down, filling all places with ecchoes of his grief, which brought him into such a case, that many times he would have slain himself.

But it happened that one morning very early, by the first light of Titans burning Torch, he entered into a narrow and streight

ſtreight paſſage, which conducted him into a very thick and ſolitary Forreſt, wherein he travelled, till ſuch time as glittering Phœbus had paſs'd the half part of his journey. And being weary with the long way, and the great weight of his Armour, he ſate him down, and began anew to have in remembrance his former committed cruelty; and complaining of Fortune, he thus publiſhed his grief, for ſeeing himſelf without remedy, he reſolved like the Swan, to ſing a while before his death, and ſo thinking to give eaſe to his tormented heart, he warbled forth theſe verſes following:

MOurnful *Melpomene* approach with ſpeed,
And ſhew thy ſacred face with tears beſprent,
Let all thy Siſters hearts with ſorrow bleed,
To hear my plaints, and rueful diſcontent;
And with your moans, ſweet Muſes all aſſiſt
My mournful Song, that doth on woe conſiſt.

Time wears out life, it is reported ſo,
And ſo it may, I will it not deny,
Yet have I try'd, and by experience know,
Time gives no end to this my miſery;
But rather Fortune, Time, and Fates agree,
To plague my heart with woe eternally.

Ye *Sylvian* Nymphs that in theſe Woods do ſhrowd,
To you my mournful ſorrows I declare;
You Savage Satyrs let your ears be bow'd
To hear my woe your nimble ſelves prepare,
Trees, Herbs, and Flowers, in Rural Fields that grow,
Are never troubled with ſuch laſting woe.

You furious beaſts that feed on Mountains high,
And reſtleſſe run with rage your prey to find,
Draw near to him whoſe bruitiſh cruelty
Hath cropt the budde of Virgins chaſte and kind.
I know no means to yield my heart relief,
'Tis only death which can diſſolve my grief.

When as I think upon my pleasures past,
Now turn'd to pain, it makes me rue my state;
And since my joy with woe is overcast,
O Death give end to my unhappy state;
For onely death will lasting ease provide,
Where living thus, I sundry deaths abide.

Wherefore all you that hear my mournful Song,
And tasted have the grief that I sustain;
All lustful Murderers that have done wrong,
With tear-fill'd eyes assist me to complain;
All that have being, do my being hate,
Crying, haste, haste, this Wretches dying state.

This sorrowful Song being endrd, he laid himself all along upon the grẽn grasse, closing up the Closets of his Eyes, in hope to repose himself in a quiet sleep, in which silent Contemplation we will leave him a while; and return to Mistris Francisca, the Soldan of Britain's Daughter: For she was beloved by two right famous Knights. Sir Reynoldo, the valiant Knight of the Castle Dunkirkum, and the young Knight of the Flaming Fan, ycleped Don Ricco, who both did greatly contend for her; But it so fell out, that Sir Reynoldo was drowned in the grẽn Ocean; for he went about to fly over the Sea, but he could not; for either his Wings were too short or too long, or else something else was the matter, for it so happen'd that he failed in his enterprize: Now when Sir Reynoldo was dead, Don Ricco did incontinently enjoy his Love; but he was likewise bewitched by the cruel Pockyhora, who was the most notable Inchantresse of her time, and so he dyed likewise. Whereupon the beautiful Mistris Francisca made great moans and lamentations, but it was all to no purpose; therefore she departed secretly from her Fathers Court, for that she was made believe by the Inchantress Pockyhora, how that Don Ricco was not dead, but was gone to pursue an Adventure in the Court of the King of Morocco, against two Knights of the Pewter Syringe,

Syringe, who had right sorely abused him: Now in her Travels she wander'd over Hills and Dales, over Mountayns and Valleys, and one Night among all the rest she lay in a Gravel-pit all night, and as she lay asleep, a right vehement shower fell from Heaven and moistned her garments to her Oriental skin, then she arose and rung her lilly white smock, and so she went on her way; And at length she came to the Forrest, where the disloyal Gyant Okey lay under a Chessenut Tree: Now when they beheld each other, they greeted one another in a most wonderful manner, and the Gyant would have lain with her, but she refused, saying that she was not in a condition to do any such thing. Then said the Gyant unto her, in the name of all the Gods what make you here? to which she replied, I pray Sir Gyant what make you here? Oh quoth the Gyant, I am stuft up with sorrow; And I quoth the Lady, am almost stifled with woe. Oh quoth the Gyant then surely our Cases are both alike: Certes quoth the Lady, they are so, even just so like as Four-pence is to a Groat. Then the Gyant would have perswaded her to have slain him; but she refused, bidding him to do it himself, for she said, that the Soldan of Brittain had never bred her up to be any bodies servant. The Gyant hearing her words was right sorrowful, and lay still a good space as he had been in a Trance, but anon rising up again, and staring about him, some three or four times, there he is quoth he, and then he ran with great fury towards the Body of a great Oak that stood hard by, for he took it to be the Knight of the Black Armour: Accursed Wight, quoth he, now shalt thou pay for all thy Villanies, and so saying, he struck so violently against the Tree with his Iron Mace, that he brake it all in shivers: How quoth the Gyant, art thou able to bear so great a blow, and yet stand? Certes I will cast thee down to the ground ensoones, and tread out thy guts: And having said those words, he ran his head so violently against the Tree, thinking to have born down the Knight of the Black Armour with the weight of his Body, that with the force of the shock he dash't out his own brains: Ah quoth the Gyant, Sir Knight right valiantly thou hast overcome me; yet I could have wish'd thou might'st have fallen likewise: And anon he groan'd like an

expiring

expiring Whale, and then he gaped so wide, that his Chaps were almost a quarter of a Mile asunder, and then his Soul went forth in the shape of a Sea-horse, but whither I wot not.

CHAP. VIII.

How the Arch-Priest *Hugo Petros*, made love unto the fair *Dolcomona*, who was married to *Kilmaddox* Knight of the *Bloody Cleaver*, and of the Letter which he wrote unto her, and what happned thereupon.

NOw you must understand that in Londinum there lived an Arch-Priest, who was cleped Hugo Petros; to him had the Soldan of Brittain given large possessions, and did oft times discover unto him his bosome thoughts: This made him rich, and his riches made him insolent, he was also greatly lustful, so that he never looked upon any Damosel that was fair, but he lusted after her. Now it hapned on a day, that he went to buy Offerings for his Paynim God, the which it was cleped Greedy-Colon, which he worshipt more then any other God; and as he was buying his said Offering, he chanced to espie the fair Dolcommona Wife to Sir Kilmaddox Knight of the Bloody Cleaver; she was sitting under a Bower, with a Fan in her hand made of an old Beaver, wherewith she kept off the Flies from the Sacrifices; Her Face it was full fairly fat, and her Arms were plump and round, like two Collars of Brawn, her Cheeks were as red as scarlet, and her Eyes were like the eyes of a Ram, her Fingers were thick and small, and at her side hung a large Pouch, and the Keys of Sir Kilmaddox's Castle. Now when the Arch-Priest beheld her, he was marvellously enamour'd on her, and greatly desired for to enjoy her: Many opportunities he sought, and many he failed of: Wherefore with a heart full of despair, and much wasted, for that the Fat thereof was almost dript away, through the heat of those flames that continually tossed it, he went to the Knight of the Sack-but, who dwelt in a Castle close by, and before the Gate of his Castle there was a Ship which hung in the Air by Magick Art, and when men saw that Ship, then they said one to another this is the Castle of the Knight of the Sack-but. To

him

him the Arch-Priest disclosed all the secrets of his heart, desiring his assistance withal. The Knight of the Sack but replied right courteously that he was ready to serve him to the uttermost of his power; Nor do I imagine quoth he, that the fair Dolcomona hath a Heart so stony, which will not be broken by the Hammer of thy Eloquence. When the Arch-Priest heard him say so, he was much comforted, and determin'd to give her notice of his love in the most passionate lines, the tenor whereof were as follow.

Most incomparable DOLCOMONA,

I Am both your Servant and your Chaplain, I beseech you not to stop your ears, for that I am burnt up in affection toward your fair person, but rather to set them wide open to hear my rude lines; For you must know most redoubted Lady, that the beauty of your admirable person, and the supernatural form wherein you are fram'd and composed, hath even ravish'd my spirits, broken my heart, split my whole sences in sunder, and quite bereft me of all rest both day and night, and only with doting on your peerlesse beauty; Again fair Lady, my meat, drink, manners, yea and my very countenance, they all plead at the Bar of thy fair Face, and resplendant Countenance; If you refuse me, denying these my unrestful thoughts, I can look for nothing but present death, nay I rather covet therein to be locked fast as in a prison, than receive denial from your fair lips. O most fair, most courteous, most amiable, gentle, and also right youthful Lady, be not thou the cause that I should determine my life by losing your love, but rather grant what I desire, and thereby make me for ever yours in hearty affection. If you urge how I dare offend the Gods by this unlawful act? To that fair Lady I answer, that I am one of the Vicars of the Gods upon Earth, and therefore it wholly rests in my power to absolve you from your sins, and enjoyn you penance, which trust me Lady shall be very easie, so you will grant me your love.

Then the Arch-Priest sealed up this Letter, and gave it the Knight of the Sack-but, and he gave it to his doughty Squire, who was ycleped Anonanonsir, charging him that he should deliver it unto the hands of the fair Lady Dolcomona, with as much privacy as could be imagined. But sometimes the Fates will not permit those things to come to passe, which men do in their own thoughts contrive. For Sir Kilmaddox seeing the Squire whisper in the fair Dolcomona's ear, with an angry Countenance demanded the cause of the Squires coming: she ask'd him what that was to him? Then Sir Kilmaddox struck her so hard upon the Cheek, that he had almost stunn'd her, whereupon she cried out murder with a loud voice; after that she ran with a great fury out of the doors, with one of her teeth in her hand, which Sir Kilmaddox had struck out of her head, vowing in great wrath to be revenged on him. So she went to the Castle of the Knight of the Sack-but, and incontinently the Squire waited on her up to the Arch-Priest. When the Arch-Priest beheld her, he ran unto her and embraced her, and kissed her so hard, that she cryed out through the anguish of the pain; what ailes the joy of my life, quoth the Arch-Priest? Alas replied the fair Dolcomona, the cruel Sir Kilmaddox would have slain me, raging with jealousie. Now by the Gods quoth the Arch-Priest, if I were a Knight I would slay him my self, but I will hire one that shall do it, and that shall be all one; Thereupon the Arch-Priest went and hired the Knight of the Coal-Wharfe, who was a right grim Knight, and he went and fought with Sir Kilmaddox, and killed him straightway. Then was the Arch-Priest right glad, and he said to the fair Dolcomona, let us now enjoy those pleasures which with so much hazard we have purchased; which when she had readily consented to, because they would be private, he carried her forth in a Charriot toward the Forrest of Maribona: Now was scorching Phœbus raging in the midst of Heaven, when these two loving Couple laid themselves down under the shade of a spreading Chessenut Tree; nor was it long ere the Arch-Priest raging with Concupiscence, began the combat of love; when a Country Swain searching for some Cattel that he had lost, espied them at their sport; Then the Swain ran presently and called

others

others that were hard by, and when they came, they were right joyful to see what they saw, for the Arch-Priest was ill belov'd of all the people of Brittain. When the Arch-Priest saw that he was so surpris'd, he with-drew his File from the Iron, and rising on his Feet, quoth he, My good friends, first read ye the lives of the holy Fathers, and then condemn me if you think fit to the Gallows, it was Pluto in my shape, and with my voice that hath done this mischief, and not I, for the Arch-Priest of Britain could do no such evil. However it was related abroad, and believed for a truth, so that the Arch-Priest suffered great Infamy thereupon.

CHAP. IX.

How the Negromancer *Scoto*, seeing the devices of the Forty-Tyrants to fail, would have raised up the Devil to his Assistance.

The night was as dark as black pitch, and a thick Mist covered the face of the Skie, so that a man could in no wise have seen the Stars, though he had the eyes of the quick sighted Lynceus, when a dark cloud of melancholy thoughts enveloped the brow of Scoto the Necromancer. I was, quoth he, in former time, so long as Fortune smiled upon me, one of the chief Commanders of the Land of Brittain, but now pale be the brightnesse of the clear Sun, and cover the earth with everlasting darknesse; Skies turn to pitch, Elements to flaming fire; roar Hell, quake Earth, swell Seas, blast Earth, Rocks rend in twain, for now will I try the utmost of my Magick Spells, for men do fail me, therefore Devils must help me. So he got him a great Hoop, made of black Ebony, and ty'd it round about with long thread Laces, in the midst thereof he stood, yclad in a vestment of Seagreen perpetuana, on his head he had a Past-board Hat, covered with a green Case, oyld, his loins were girt about with a Girdle made of Bulls pizzles, enchanted by Magick Art, at the first peeping of the new Moon; before his brest he wore a plate of Tinne, whereon was pictur'd a Gorgons head. Then he muttered a hundred and ten hard words, as fast as he could tumble them out of his

mouth, and read a whole Sermon, made by the Séer Strong, the which he had written in Characters of Short-hand. When the Devil heard that, he was greatly amazed, not knowing what it meant, for that it was one of the latest inventions among Mortals. Then he came unto the Séer Scoto, and said unto him, what wouldst thou have thou vain fool? get thée about thy business, and come to me when I call for thée, which will be very suddenly, with that he departed, but whither I wot not.

CHAP. X.

How a certain Vandal, ycleped *Vennero*, came to *Londinum*, and defied all the Christians; and how his fury was abated.

NOW you must know that in those dayes, there lived a Vandal in a wood, who was hight Vennero, for when he was born, his Mother left him in this wood, being pursued by two blood-thirsty Satyrs, who would have done something to her, that it seems she would not have them do. Now being so left there, this lamen young Vandal was suckled by a wild Mare, and he grew up, and fed upon the Barkes of trées; now it came to passe, that in process of time there came a Christian wandering to the wood, and he rushed forth, and slew him, and drank up his blood, and liked it wondrous well; so that he desired to have a whole Ocean full, some to keep in Hogsheads, for the winter, and some to draw out in Bottles for the summer; Then they told him if he would go into the City of Londinum, and kill Christians, he might have as much as he would drink; with that he pulled up a hollow Oak by the roots, and cut therein holes for his Armes, and it was unto him as a Coat of Male; Then he came unto the City of Londinum in great wrath; for he sware that he valued the Christians no more than Butchers Dogs valued Rubies. So as I told you before, he press'd into the City of Londinum by Night, and then the people were all charmed up with the Charmes of Morpheus; But when they rose in the Morning to go about their business, they had better have kept themselves in their warm Beds. For why? Why, because this cruel Vandal met them,

as

as they came out of their Dens, and destroyed them, and when he had so destroy'd them, he eat them without either Capers or Samphire. What a disturbance this bred in the City of Londinum you may well conjecture. When these Tidings came to the Eares of the Christian Knights, they resolved to purchase Fame with the Blood of this Vandal: Many other rewards were also promis'd to him that should vanquish him; besides that of Fame, by the fair Dames of Londinum, as Bevers, new Suites, Purses of Gold, Nights lodgings, and the like, for they would have given any thing at that time to have been rid of this Vandal. There came Don Contumeliano the Knight of Fortune, but the Vandal effsones laid him upon the cold Earth, and then saw'd off his Eares with the rough end of a Bone of a Sirloyn of Beef. Then there was the Knight of the Blew Apron, and then there was the mighty Vulcan with twenty grim Cyclops's besides, and they laid upon his Head, as they us'd to bang their Anvils, when they made the Armour of Achilles; But the Vandal was mad to hear such a noise about his Eares, which caused him so to lay about him, that his Enemies fell before him like mow'd Barley. Then fear came upon the people of Londinum, and they knew not what to do; At length some wiser then some, caused great Trapps to be made like Mouse-Trapps, which they set in the Street, having first baited them with Bread and Cheese, but the cunning Vandal took away the Bread and the Cheese, and yet the Trapp fell not down, for he made no more of the Trapp, than St. George made of an Inchanted Castle. Which when Don Crispiano the Knight of the Golden Last perceived, he gave the Vandal so fierce an Encounter, that the Vandal lost his Stirrups, and had fallen, but that he held by his Horses Neck; for he now had got him a Horse, but how I am not able to inform you. But for Don Crispiano, he measured his length on the Ground, and his Shield was taken from him: Then the Vandal demanded his name, but he answered, he had no other name then the Knight of the Golden Last. The next that set upon him, was the Knight of the Eagle; so called, for that the Castle where he lived, was known by that Sign. The Vandal and he right valiantly couched their Spears, and the first course proved so valiant, that their Spears shivered all

in splinters. Each Combatant perceiving Valour to brandish on the top of his Helmet, they thought fit to make a pause. Right valiant Mortal, quoth the Vandal, I am glad that I have met with thee, for thou seemest to be right strong, but for all this, I care not a Button for thee; th'other bout I'm resolved to have with thee; But what said the Thatcher to his man? First let's drink. So he called for a whole gallon of Aqua Vitæ, and mixed it with the blood of the Knight of the Golden Last, who was late slain, and drank it up at one draught. After that they made a second course, wherein the Knight of the Eagle got the better; for he press'd so hard upon him, that he ran his Lance into his neck, the anguish of which wound, caused the Vandal to fall to the ground: when he was fallen to the ground, the Christians came in holes, and took him, and bound him with iron hoopes, and threw him into a Dungeon, and after that they hang'd him, and so there was an end of this Vandal.

CHAP. XI.

How *Pacolet* the Dwarf cousened the Necromancer *Scoto*, when he had him upon his Horse, and instead of carrying him into the Territories of the King of *Hispania*, brought him to *Londinum*, where he was hanged.

NOw Scoto the Necromancer seeing that he could not avoid the fury of the Christians, and for that his Charmes did also fail him, he flew away, for he prayed right fervently unto blustering Boreas; wherefore blustering Boreas hearing his prayers, took him, and carried him away in a Cloud into the Land of Flandria. Now as soon as Pacolet the Dwarf espyed him; Quoth he unto the Seer; Right worthy Seer, In the Name of the Ruler of the Air, what make you here? Quoth he, if I make any thing, I make Buttons, for I am in deadly fear of the Christians. Then said the Dwarf, Right worthy Seer know this, that I am lately come out of the Land of *Hispania*, where I know to secure thee as safe as a Thief in a Mill, therefore come along with me, and stay no longer to expostulate, for upon my Horse we will suddenly arrive in

Hispania,

Hispania, where thou shalt be kept as secure as Medlers in May. So the Seer Scoto caused the Dwarf to be highly feasted, setting before him Macaroones and Hypocrisse: So on the morrow they went towards their journey, but mark what followed. Having thus ordered his affaires, he came in the dead time of the Night unto the Tent where Scoto lay, crying out so loud to him that he awoke him; Sir quoth he, little appeareth in you the love of your safety, seeing that for it you are unwilling to break your sleep. Whereunto the Seer replied, Thou hast done well to awaken me, for I was even now in a most fearful Dream: Methought a Crow did bear me swiftly through the Air, and as she was flying away with me, another great Bird met me, and struck so hard at me, that the blood issued out in great abundance; now this Dream maketh me to fear that the Christians have some Intelligence of my Designes. Away quoth the Dwarf with this Childish fear, will you for this neglect the love of your own life? By Mahomet quoth the Seer, thou sayest the truth. Then the Dwarf took the Seer behind him upon his Wooden Horse, and turning the Pin, the Horse rose up into the Air so swiftly, that in a little space they were come to the City of Londinum. The Seer perceiving the Horse to stay, said thus unto him, Friend are we at our journeys end? Yea said the Dwarf, and fear nothing. By Mahomet quoth the Seer, the Devil hath born us hither very quickly. So he brought him into a great Hall, which belonged unto the Palace of the King of Britain, and bid him enter thereinto, and so he entered therein. Now when the Christians heard that Scoto the Necromancer was in the great Hall, they came into the Hall where Scoto sate. Then Scoto perceiving himself betray'd, would have crept into an Augur hole, but they would not let him, and then he cried out with a loud voice, Thou false Traytor quoth he to my person, I vow to be revenged of thee for this Fact; and know this right well, that I never Dyed yet in any mans Debt, to whom I ought a mischief; therefore assure thy self, that if ever I come again to be one of the Forty Tyrants, I will remember thy Box at Christmas, nay though I stay till Easter I care not much. Then the Dwarf told the Christian Knights, that if this right Diabolican Necromancer did

escape

escape them this time, a world of miseries might ensue thereon. Whereupon they incontinently took him, and hang'd him up with a new Rope, upon the highest Pinnacle of the Palace, in the sight of many Sarazins that came to view and behold his fatal end.

CHAP. XII.

How the Gyant *Husonio* went and built him a Castle in the Air, intending to live a private life; and how Sir *Boreas* quarrel'd with him; and how he thought to have affrighted Sir *Boreas*, and what happened thereupon.

THE Gyant Husonio having met with many misfortunes, as I told you before, or whether I did or no, 'tis no great matter; he resolved upon a very strange adventure, as you shall hear anon. Most miraculous it is quoth he, that I can live no where in quiet for these same Christians; However if I cannot live quiet upon the Earth, by Mahomet I will live quiet in the Air, and there I will build me a Castle. How in the Air, quoth his Dwarf, that is impossible. Slave, quoth the Gyant, thou liest; For dost thou not see how our God Mahomet lives in the Air? even so will I live there also; For why may not I live in the Air, that am a Gyant, as well as a little Sparrow, that I can crush to pieces between my thumb and my fore-finger. The Dwarf then seeing him begin for to wax wroth; nay Sir quoth he; if you are resolved to live in the Air, you shall live in the Air. Being thus reconcil'd, the Gyant went on with his Project; Quoth the Gyant then to himself, what is there that will abide in the Air? Feathers most certainly! Why then suppose I should compose this Castle of Feathers, certes it would be right easie, but very light, the better for that, and the wind should blow me up and down like the down of a Thistle. With that the Gyant smiled to himself, as Jupiter smiled, when he Cuckolded Amphytrio, for he was right well pleased to think how he should dance in the Air. Nay but quoth his Dwarf, though Feathers be light, yet thou art right ponderous, and it is against the Rules of Philosophy, for heavy things to mount up: With that the Gyant rail'd against Philosophy, like a

Tankard-

Tankard-bearer, for three hours together, and would presently have arm'd himself, upon an adventure, which was to knock all the Philosophers in the world o'th head: But his Dwarf, lesse in bulk, but larger in wit, told him that the building of his Castle would be of far greater concernment, than the killing of Philosophers: Then quoth the Gyant, as concerning this Castle, for I would fain have this Castle built, and built in the Air. And when that he had vented his mind in such wise, he went into the North, and cut a Rock of Adamant all into chippers; they say that if his Dwarf had not pull'd him by the Elbow, he would have cut the said Rock as small as pearls to the Pot, for that when he was hewing, he never considered what he did: Then he bethought himself, how that the nature of the Loadstone was to cleave to the North Pole, as close as he was wont to stick to his fair Leman: So then quoth he, if I can but make a Castle of this Loadstone, and fix it thereon, the Devil himself can never remove it. So he made him a Castle of the pieces of Loadstone which he had hew'd out of the Rock, and when he had done, he fastned several Rings of Iron unto the sides thereof: Then he tost it up with a vengeance, and wish'd it good luck, for quoth he, the Devil is in it, if the top of the Pole do not catch hold of some one or other of the Rings which I have made on the sides, as in truth it happened. Now when it was fast, he bid his Dwarf hold fast about his middle, and then he gave a Jump, and leap'd in at one of the windows. Now when this Castle was thus hung by Geometry, it seemed unto the Samoedes and People of Groynlands, as a Vinegar-Bottle upon the Top of Salisbury Spire. And when it was dark, that the Gyant lighted Candles, they took it for they knew not what themselves, for they never dream'd that it was a Castle in the Air. Now when Sir Boreas saw this strange thing he was astonished and he whistled so loud that he awoke the Gyant: so he looked out at the window, with his Night Cap on, and asked Sir Boreas why he whistled so loud: I will whistle yet louder, quoth Sir Boreas, and with that he whistled so furiously, that the Gyant Hufonio was forced to pull in his Ears. Then the Gyant was right grievously enraged, and went and struck fire, and lighted a Torch, and caused his Dwarf to stick

it in his Tayl, and so he went backwards, with his Head between his Legs, to meet Sir Boreas; as the Fellow went to fright the Tanners Dog. But Sir Boreas was a right hardy Knight, and feared him no more than if he had been an ordinary man; for he presently blew out the Gyants Torch, and then gave him such a blow on the bare flesh, that he strok him back again into his Castle over the wall. Now the Gyant thought himself safe: But Sir Boreas swore his Castle should not hang there: so he cut the Ring by which it was held, and rubbed the North Pole with Garlick, which caused it to lose its Magnetick force: And so the Castle, with the Gyant, and his Dwarf, fell into the bottomless Pit.

CHAP. XIII.

How the Knight of the Lyons cast himself headlong from the top of a Tower, and broke his neck: And of the several misfortunes that befel the Forty Tyrants: And of several other delectable passages, and so good buy to yee.

NOw you must know that the Knight of the Lyons, before he executed the fatal Tragedy which he intended, made a speech, but that speech is lost, for that the Records thereof are not to be found. But certain it is, that that very Evening he abandoned the sight of all Company, and repaired to the top of an high Tower, the which it was built all of Marble, wherein he barred himself so fast with Iron bolts, that none could come within hearing of his lamentations. Then raged he up and down like frantick Oedipus, tearing his Eyes from their natural Cells, accusing the Heavens of Injustice, condemning the Earth of Iniquity, and cursing man, because he could not be Knight of the Lyons still: Another while he wished that some unlucky Planet would descend from the Firmament, and fall upon his miserable Head. Being in this extream despair, because he was put away from the Castle of the Lyons, he never hoped to return thither again. And so about midnight, being a time when desperate men practice their own destructions, he cast himself headlong from the top of the Tower, and broke his,

Neck.

Neck, and all besprinkled the flinty pavements with his Blood and Brains.

Then was Sir Haringtonius Knight of the Rota, also in deep distress, for he fled from the fury of the Christians, as Dust flyes before a Whirlwind; And he cried out, O yee fatal Torches of the Elements, why are you not clad in mournful Habiliments, to cloak my wandering steps in eternal darkenesse? More he would have said, but that a certain salt Rheume fell upon his Lungs, which caused him to have a very great Burre to his Throat; so that thereupon he was in wonderful despair; Now as he was in despair, so was he in Arabia likewise, and being in both together, a most desperate whimsey came into his head: Wherefore he got to himself Odours and Spices of sundry kinds, as also the odoriferous branches of Lignum Rhodium, and several other sweet woods: And when he had piled them in a heap together, he put thereunto fire, and then threw himself into the flames; for that it is said, he had long before resolved, if miskortunes came thick upon him, to dye like a Phenix: For that the Knight of the Lyons was always accounted a Phenix: Now if he were a Phenix, then men said true, but if he were not a Phenix, then men did not say true.

But as for Sir Ludlojus, the Knight of the Green Powdering Tub, though he did not dye, yet there befel him an Accident, quite contrary to that of the Knight of the Lyons. For when he came to the Inchanted Castle of Parismus, he demanded entrance right boldly. But the Gyant Parismus had made his House of Office, just before his Castle Gate, so that if Knights were not very wary, they fell thereinto up to the Head and Eares, as it happened to Sir Ludlojus, so that he came to be in the strangest pickle that ever Knight was in. Now you must know, that by the Knights falling into the Privie, the Inchantments of Parismus were dissolved, as it hath many times happened in story: So that the fair Maid of Wimbleton, being now freed from the bondage she was in, came forth and scraped Sir Ludlojus so clean, that he smelt as sweet as a Razor. Then she and the Knight departed together, but whither, or what became of them after, I hear of no Body that kenneth.